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MY SPARE MOMENTS.

B. L. BENAS.

THE
INFLUENCE OF BERANGER
AND HIS LYRIC POEMS
UPON THE BOURBON DYNASTY
IN FRANCE.

A PAPER
READ BEFORE THE LIVERPOOL PHILOMATHIC SOCIETY,
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BY
B. L. BENAS.

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THE INFLUENCE OF BERANGER AND HIS LYRIC POEMS UPON THE BOURBON DYNASTY IN FRANCE.

If we wish to take a proper view of a newly-constructed edifice, we should take down the scaffolding and retire at some distance; then we perceive the architect's design, the proportions of the building, and can take in to a greater extent the idea which the artist endeavoured to produce upon the spectator. Many a structure loses its effect when it is criticised whilst with the grime and dust which is inseparable from the touch of the contemporary workers. So with Beranger. It was difficult during his lifetime fully to appreciate his endeavours, or to define his actual position in the history of his country. Death has, however, individualised his character, and made his life and workings stand out in bold relief. Nay, it is necessary to go back some generations to elicit why a Beranger could occupy so lofty a pedestal, and what were the events that led up to the great power he possessed in developing the better political feelings of his fellow-countrymen.

In comparing the leaders of the English and French peoples, we may at once concede the more wise and truly patriotic feeling of the English patrician families to those of France, whilst the former, as a rule, looked upon their vast patrimonies and family influence as a means to effect the better government of the nation, with the latter it was always the reverse. The nobles looked upon themselves as a separate caste, privileged to idleness and to use the population as mere tools to enrich themselves and to gratify their own

desires. At best, the plebeian was treated as an owner of horses does his beasts. They might be well fed, well groomed, and well stabled, but only that they might the better work for their owner. As for any thought of equality, the idea to them seemed preposterous in this world; and even in the other world, of which the clergy claimed especial charge, it was problematical whether *la grande noblesse* had not already engaged reserved seats.

The clergy of France, for several generations before the great revolution, did nothing to bring about a cordial feeling between the different classes. They were recruited in the large cities from members of noble families, had all the errors and vices of the caste from which they sprang, and were not a little prone to treat sacred matters with levity; they enjoyed a Voltairean joke with much *bonhomie*; they looked upon themselves rather as a buttress to the throne and the *ancienne noblesse*, than as friends and consolers of those who were poor in spirit and who suffered from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

The average French abbé, before the great upheaving of society, was the type of what was conventionally known as a polished gentleman. He was brilliant in conversation, quick at repartee, a connoisseur of wines and dainties, would flirt with high-born dames and damsels, and was most lenient to the peccadilloes of fashion; indeed, he was very much like a physician enjoying a practice in high life. He knew all the diseases incidental to excessive living, and both practised and associated with the giddy circle among whom he had cast his lot. He scarcely reprimanded his flock; his admonition was generally to take a little rest and go on again carefully. The country curé, on the other hand, was pious, self-denying, and most virtuous, though miserably poor and without influence. All the higher positions being occupied by patricians, the humbler abbé was out of harmony with his superiors, and it

was only his fidelity to the church and the strict discipline which it enjoined, that made him bear the reins and bit, though in his heart of hearts he might chafe against them, and perhaps sympathise with his suffering brethren. But woe betide the unhappy clergyman who would dare openly to express his innermost feelings ; it was banishment to a bleak and uncongenial region, and to minister to a flock strange and unsympathetic. Rome had little to be blamed for this state of affairs, for, with all the faults of the Vatican, they were in most cases in sympathy with the masses. It was on special and, perhaps, on political occasions, that Rome sided with the monarch ; but, as a rule, the masses found protection in the sovereign pontiff. In the few generations preceding 1792, the Church of France was virtually Gallican and independent. They resented every interference from the eternal city, and the popes, finding their influence waning, in order that the slender cord might not be rent in twain, silently and tacitly allowed the Gallican Church to assert its own dominion. A change, however, was imminent, which we shall describe later on.

Let us, by way of contrast, examine the social and political condition of the clergy and patrician families in England, towards both their flock, their retainers, and their peasantry. The wave of the Norman invasion, which tended, for a short period, to separate England into two nations, was happily broken by the Jingo spirit—(I suppose that expression is permissible now)—which came into existence during the Anglo-French wars of the Edwards and the Henrys. Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt welded England into a people one and indivisible, animated by the same hopes and sharing in the same sufferings. The aristocracy had already won the goodwill of the people by the security of the Magna Charta, whereby the patrician not only fought for his own hand, but obtained solid privileges for his tenantry and

retainers. At the same time, the English clergy were always with the nation ; thus, an indissoluble bond of union sprung up between the four classes of king, nobles, clergy, and proletariat. This freedom was still more asserted during the wars of the Roses ; for when the kingdom was rent in twain, each side vied with the other in giving more privileges to the peasant and handicraftsman. So that, when Henry VII reigned, England was, perhaps, the only country in Europe where the aristocracy was simply a titular one, and where the people had the same defined rights as the monarch himself.

However much foreign war may be deprecated from a humane point of view, history teaches us that it has always resulted in securing better rights and privileges for the people at large, and in welding together heterogeneous and ill-digested masses. In modern times, France and England were always enemies, until, in the Crimean war, they fought and bled side by side. We find in India the quiet rumblings of sedition thoroughly hushed and transformed into enthusiasm and fraternal feelings, by the confidence shown by Great Britain in permitting the natives to share their battles with them. Anyone reading the native press of Hindostan to-day, and comparing it with what it was five years ago, cannot fail to be struck with this marvellous transformation. Now, at the period of Henry VIII, when a most radical change took place in the ecclesiastical polity of the country, with but few exceptions, the king, nobles, clergy, and people seemed to be of one mind. I have no respect whatsoever for the personal character of Henry VIII, and believe Froude's estimate of him to be entirely erroneous, and worthy more of the historic novelist, rather than of the historian. Nevertheless, common sense would not permit me to think otherwise but that the wayward and amorous monarch could never have accomplished his object unless

there was a quiet vein of sympathy between the rulers and the ruled. That the English people, whilst fairly contented under their civil government, were thoroughly discontented with their Church; and that both priest and people hailed the change with an almost unanimous consent. Not so, however, on the other side of the Channel. The papacy was always better disposed to France than to England. The French clergy were always more Gallican than Roman, and however much socially the conduct of the French abbé was inclined to levity, yet, if even indifferent and unsympathetic towards their flocks, their ecclesiastical rule was ever a lenient and easy one. At the period of Luther and the Reformation, the French people had little to complain of either rapacity, extortion, or harsh treatment by the Church. Notwithstanding this, Huguenotism broke out in its strongest phase in France.

Now, what caused this? At the period of the so-called Reformation, every thinking person, from the Pyrenees to the English channel, was discontented. The taxes were equal to about half their incomes, industry was hampered in every way, commerce was looked upon as degrading, honest toil was ridiculed, virtue was regarded with contempt, and vice was openly favoured. The kings and nobles kept their harems with even less consideration for public decency than a modern Turkish pasha, and the French fashionable abbé pursued the *lasser faire* policy of letting things go on and not interfering, so long as their privileges were not meddled with. In a hundred of the population there might have been fifty who lived upon the other fifty. One section bore this with a patient shrug, satisfied with the profits they derived from the extravagance of the ruling caste, and voluntarily shutting their eyes to the evils and corruption such an extravagant political system engendered; but there was a remnant, say a fifth part of the people of France, who truly loved their

country, and would not see her drift into an abyss of ruin. Public meetings were impossible, being strictly forbidden by the ruling powers ; public press there was none ; there was no vent for the just indignation of the virtuous, the sober-minded, and industrious. Another feature was added which greatly stimulated the new community which was about to make its appearance. The art of printing had only just been discovered, and Bibles, which were hitherto chained in the churches, were sold comparatively cheap, and were eagerly bought by the masses, and now read for the first time by the people. Unlike the English, who, when they clamoured against their rulers, always fought for tangible political privileges, the French, inspired by old biblical stories of the victories of the few against the many, of the valour of the judges, and the zeal of the prophets, rose up in vast masses for secession from Rome, freedom of worship, and liberty to meet and read the Bible, which they adored with fanatic idolatry. They assembled to sing the psalms of David, which became to them a series of medieval Marsellaise. Good, brave, honest Huguenots, and yet how short-sighted ! Well had it have been for them, and still better for France, if they—the bone, sinew, and brain of the country—had agitated for that liberty which was most obtainable, for the one would eventually have brought the other in its train.

The Bourbons would undoubtedly have granted parliamentary and political privileges to the French people at least 200 years before the Great Revolution, if demanded as emphatically as religious liberty was insisted upon. Perhaps not a full satisfactory measure in the first instance ; but, as a distinguished American writer justly observes, " Let liberty only once come in at the key-hole, and eventually the door will be open for its reception." Of course no one would imagine that the Louis' would have embraced popular franchise at one bound, but history proves to us that the

Kings of France would have been content to grant a limited representative chamber, which in time would have worked its own remedy.

But the French Bourbon kings had made up their minds *never* to tolerate Protestantism. It was the offspring of German soil. I venture to hope when the German and the French people will have shed their blood in a common cause against a common enemy, then the same transformation in feeling may take place that now exists between us and the French people. In the time of George the Third it was the creed of a good Englishman to fear God, honour the King, and hate a Frenchman. The intense hatred of the French to the Germans has long been fostered by the leaders of both nations, who have ever been interested in maintaining the alienation of the two races, on the principle of "*divide et Impera.*" The dislike fanned among the two countries by their rulers has always been utilised to maintain the supremacy of the ruling caste in both nations; for whenever there was discontent at home, the German rulers need only bring out the musty war cry, "The French are at us," and the Germans became as one. Again, on the approach of danger within the Gallic borders, it was, "On to the Rhine" which reunited the various factions of France. The Huguenot creed, however, tended to soften the asperities of the two peoples, and soon a real amity began to spring up between the Protestant leaders of the two countries, which led up to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. To give a leaning on the side of mercy to the miserable Medicis, I venture to believe they shot the Huguenots down quite as much as traitors who were in league with their German enemies, rather than as wretched heretics who believed in the detestable doctrine of the Saxon Luther. The result was that dissent was ruthlessly crushed and stamped out, and at the time of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV, every treaty and promise was

torn to the winds, and utterly broken. Never in the worst periods of religious oppression was there a persecution so thorough and so relentless as that of the Huguenots. Spies were employed by the Government in the shape of domestic servants; poor relations were bribed to keep watch upon their richer connections, until, at last, wearied and disgusted, hundreds of thousands (the number will never be known exactly) of the best men in France, the deepest thinkers, the most ingenious workmen, and numbers of yeomen and country gentlemen who dared to exercise free thought, which they deemed as much their absolute right as the air they breathed, left their country with aching hearts into voluntary exile, enriching England, Germany, Holland, Lombardy, and even Russia, by their thrift, industry, and excellent qualities of citizenship; and leaving *a gaping wound in France which has not been healed even to this day*. The few Huguenots that remained secretly carried on the traditions of their ancestors, but they were left impoverished and without influence, and dared not lift up their heads until a better day dawned. Thus France retained her so-called religious unity; though it is apparent that the fractional minority of the Huguenots who are living at present in the French dominions fill many of the leading positions, and are now regaining much more social and educational influence than their mere numbers would warrant. The retreating Huguenots were forced to sell all their patrimonies at nominal sums, and carried little wordly goods away from their native land. Every one knew they were going, so that hard bargains were driven with them, and the balance, for the moment, of material profit and prosperity remained with the people and the Government.

The Rulers of France, after the Huguenots were gone, resembled very much a thoughtless trader whose factory, insured for a very large sum of money, had been burned to the ground, and, receiving the equivalent in hard cash

without restoring that which had been destroyed, feels himself suddenly enriched. Thus able to gratify all his wildest desires by the possession of so much ready money, he quite forgets that when the coin will be expended there will be no business left, and nothing to fall back upon. Louis XIV, in possession of surplus revenues, now began to wage war to his heart's content. The thinking people being ejected from his dominions, the unthinking ones enjoyed the pomp and the glitter of triumphal processions, the magnificence of a luxurious court, and everything went on in the heyday of seeming prosperity. When the Dutch William, and afterwards Marlborough, shattered the power of the mighty monarch, the powerful ones in France had to beg concession after concession, and the day of reckoning came. There was left on hand a vast army, unfitted for civil pursuits, a stupid peasantry, a commerce utterly ruined, coupled with a clergy and nobility as indolent and luxurious as ever. But for the bounteous soil, the crash would have come a generation sooner; a series of bounteous harvests carried things on from year to year, postponing the inevitable pay-day for the accumulated arrears of misgovernment.

If there would have been a healthy opposition in France, having the parliamentary right to criticise the action of the Rulers, all would eventually have come right. The Government would have been all the stronger for the fear of evoking the condemnation of the opposition; but there was only room in one edifice for anybody who dared utter a word against the Government—to the Bastille, unjudged and undefended.

Notwithstanding all precautions of tyrannical rulers, the conscience of a people will find vent and expression, and this time it was not that of a sober-minded religious section of the population, such as the Huguenots were, but by so-called *fidèles*, or faithful ones to the Church. When

education fled with the ejected Nonconformists, the Society of Jesus worked very hard to replace the void, and, spread far and wide throughout the land, the Jesuit schools flourished. I will not speak one word against those self-sacrificing Jesuits who gave up wealth, ease, and comfort to the unremunerative task of instructing the young in secular, but principally in religious, education; their zeal and their fidelity to the Church is worthy of every praise; and the fair critic dare never blame the brave soldier who honestly fights and does his duty, even in a cause which the critic may deem an erroneous one.

Unfortunately for themselves, the results of the Jesuits' teaching had the opposite tendency that they had sought and striven for. The young men who came in contact with the world, and who were trained in the Jesuits' schools, were most proficient in both religious and worldly knowledge; but the moment they entered society, they threw away the former and became thorough Secularists. A number of most intelligent men ridiculed the existing state of political and religious affairs, in burlesques, comedies, and poems, and under the pseudonym of Jupiter, Bacchus, or Mars, railed against the vices of the Government, and ridicule began to make a breach where the sober earnestness of the Huguenot failed to touch. This might not have led to evil result, but that with it Religion was also made a butt of Satire. From Moliere, Voltaire, Diderot, and a host of brilliant minds—many of them carefully educated by the Jesuit fathers—there came a volley of shafts that pierced the most closely-webbed armour of Sophistry. But these men took a different line of argument to the Huguenot altogether. These freethinkers stoutly maintained that the papacy was absolutely necessary until something was found to replace it, and they admitted they had found no substitute. Again their ridicule was directed against a people whom all sides agreed to oppress and treat

with contumely. They talked of the so-called ridiculous Jewish traditions; Biblical stories were travestied, and philosophers in France began to ask seriously whether they should be imposed upon by oriental fables, of no better value than the Arabian Nights. It was time, they said, to rid themselves of Orientals and Oriental ideas, and the true civilisation should not reach France *via* Palestine, but rather from pagan Rome and Athens. Leonidas, Themistocles, Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Brutus, Cato, Scipio, and Cicero, ought rather to be their models than those Arab peasants that tilled the soil of Bethlehem and Judea.

Just at this period of French society, Beranger was ushered into the world. Pierre Jean de Beranger was born, as he tells us in his interesting autobiography, at the house of his grandfather, Champy, a respectable tailor in the Rue Montorgueil, Paris, on the 19th August, 1780, and was of aristocratic descent on the paternal side. His father's occupation would be difficult to describe in England. He seems to have been a general utility man in a notary's office; negotiated mortgages; and was a kind of deputy stock-broker for persons requiring investments. These persons are much employed by the middle classes and better ranks of operatives. They have considerable legal knowledge, without being duly qualified to practise, and generally are attached to notaries' and lawyers' offices. For a small consideration they settle petty differences, and only bring important cases under the notice of their firms; and as the French people are much more prone to save a portion of their earnings than any other nation, such a broker always finds plenty of occupation in pointing out where savings may be profitably and safely invested. When Beranger's father was one day engaged in auditing the accounts of a grocer, he saw a pretty young woman enter the shop. He discovered she was the

daughter of the tailor, Champy, and as the worthy man had five more marriageable girls, Beranger, senior, had no difficulty in obtaining the parental consent, and in a few weeks they were married. But the young French wife was full of life, pretty, and fascinating, whilst Beranger, senior, was quiet, grave, and very studious. They soon found that they were ill matched. She loved the theatre and the concert, he his folios and ledger. So the couple, as is very usual in France, determined, in the most friendly manner, to separate, the mother returning to her father's home. At first in their social circle there was much adverse criticism against Beranger père, everybody seeming to know more of their affairs than the husband and wife themselves. Tittle-tattle was busy at work. Time, however, came to the rescue of the poet's father, and thoroughly vindicated his course of action; and his father's memory was ever sacredly cherished by his son. That Beranger, junior, never ventured on married life will not be surprising, after this episode in the social life of his parents. When he was about five years of age his mother took him to the theatres, and this, to some extent, formed his first imaginative ideas. Later on, however, his mother left the protection of her father's house, and we hear nothing more of her. Enough that Beranger's father thought it well that the boy should no longer remain with her, and the lad was transferred to the care of a paternal aunt, who kept a small inn at Peronne. Before leaving Paris the boy witnessed the storming and capture of the Bastille.

It was a feature with the first leaders of the French Revolution that they were not violent Radicals, but rather Whig nobles, who sought to reform the existing abuses, and lent their social influence to benefit the condition of the masses. Thus we find Mirabeau, a marquis and a scholar of repute, thundering against the abuses of the *vieux noblesse*;

Philip Egalité, a Prince of the Royal house, Lafayette, Abbé Gregoire, Talleyrand, and many others, all joined the young and popular party. But gradually the extreme Radical, or destructive, portion of the legislative chamber, bade for popular goodwill, by promising reform after reform, and eventually went so far as to make changes for the mere sake of change itself. This, of course, the Whig portion of the assembly could not countenance, and in the conflict between the two sections the moderate element was entirely destroyed, and chaos was eventually the result in the governing elements of the country. Amid the confusion of counsel the country was rapidly becoming both socially and commercially demoralised, when Bonaparte, then a young and popular general, but hardly known as a politician, put an end, by grape-shot, to the prevailing anarchy and misgovernment; and, like Cromwell, drove out the legislators with a strong hand.

I am not going to pass any individual opinion upon the career of one of the greatest men of modern time, but the results have shown that he was the one man of that period in France who knew how to weld the old and the new ideas together, and form a respectable state of society from chaotic fragments. No matter what Lanfrey and Madame de Remusat have written, they have both forgotten one important matter, that Napoleon did not create the political situation—he found it. The Napoleon family were singularly fortunate in numbering amongst themselves several members of undoubted talent. Lucien Bonaparte, the brother, was a man of superior literary ability, and no mean judge of poetry and philosophic thought.

Beranger, fired by the popular idol who had achieved victories over all Europe, sent on to Lucien a poem which, notwithstanding his multifarious occupations, at once commended itself to his favourable notice, and Beranger, by this means, found a patron and a supporter.

In the writings of this French lyric poet we may look in vain for that polish, engendered by classical study, such as we find in Alexander Pope, Dryden, Racine, or Corneille. Beranger's education was a slender one. A little elementary teaching in the parish school just enabled him to acquire a taste for reading, and on his being apprenticed to the printing office of Monsieur Laisney, he obtained possession of several books, such as Telemachus, Voltaire's Letters, and Racine's Tragedies. This gave our author an idea of verse and versification; but his friends feared that he would stumble in any literary occupation, owing to his weakness in composition, and being of a lazy disposition, induced, perhaps, by a singularly delicate constitution, he never would or could study hard. His natural genius, however, triumphed over all the sinister forebodings, and the well of poetry eventually bubbled to overflowing.

In 1809 Beranger obtained, through the influence of Lucien Bonaparte, a clerkship in the University of Paris, which brought him a revenue of £80 per annum, and so modest were his requirements that he was generally happy, and had surplus money at his disposal. His songs, circulating until now in manuscript only, were adopted in all the convivial young men's societies of Paris, and reached many of the larger provincial cities. Of course it will not be wondered at that his earliest effusions are full of the brilliance of the Empire, though tinged with a vein of satire here and there against the prevailing luxury, pomp, and glitter of society.

I have not alluded as yet to the poet's religious opinions. When a lad at Peronne, his aunt, a pious Catholic, full of simple faith, sent Beranger every day to mass, and he was advanced to the dignity of an acolyte. He relates, in his autobiography, that one day he handed the chalice rather clumsily to the celebrating priest, so that a portion of the wine was spilled. Beranger states that the priest volleyed

forth, *sotto voce*, some very strong language, and then went on with the mass as though nothing had happened. After service the clergyman dismissed the young acolyte, and the future poet asserts that from that day he dismissed himself from all revealed and ceremonial religion. He remarks that he fully believed that he, as well as those of old, had a direct inspiration from the invisible Being he worshipped, and that he also had to fulfil a mission. He felt that he had no right to assume to be better than the people among whom he lived; and by sharing the joys and sorrows, and giving utterance to those thoughts which he instinctively knew Frenchmen felt without being able to express them, he could develop the better instincts of his people, and curb the more violent and baneful emanations of the national impulse. He, however, never vituperated against his opponents; he simply ridiculed them, and the point and satire of his effusions killed much more surely and effectively than the wrathful denunciations of enraged patriots. Even Cæsar did not escape his arrows. The great Napoleon acquired a weakness to be addressed as *Sire*, like other monarchs in Europe. In a celebrated song, *Le Roi d'Yvetot* (the King of Yvetot), Beranger introduced a verse containing the following lines. I give it you in English:—

“ Since maidens of good family
With love he could inspire,
His subjects had a hundredfold
Good cause to call him *Sire*.”

Yet withal, Beranger had a supreme attachment to the great Emperor. He felt, with the modern Cæsar, that to be born noble was to be placed, at birth, half-way on the ladder of fame, and, if worthy of one's ancestry, it was easier for the man with hereditary claims to ascend the ladder of social position, if he will but carry with him the burden of social and intellectual duties. Beranger, like Napoleon, never railed

against the aristocracy as a class, but rather when, despite their birth, they abused a superior position which fortune had accorded them. When Napoleon promoted his subjects into kings and grand-dukes, dukes and princes, Beranger, with the French people, understood the aim of these creations, that the fountain of honour was for the first time reversed. Hitherto it was always the monarch that was the source of dignities; but the French people felt that they had created an Emperor, and that the Emperor gave back to the people a portion of the dignity they themselves conferred; and so long as the empire was true to its origin, it seemed the embodiment of the people's temporary aspirations. The moment Cæsar adopted the weaknesses of his royal brethren, the cord of sympathy between himself and the French people loosened, until death and exile made them forget his failings, and all his sentiment for the people of France was revived.

With the catastrophe of Waterloo and the exile to St. Helena, France woke up from a dream, to find herself bound like Gulliver.

The old monarch and the old nobility returned after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, only to find themselves and the people thoroughly changed. They left as bright cavaliers, Voltairean in their ideas, gay in their manners, and not strictly moral in their habits. They departed from a people who, until the ebullition of 1792, were full of simple faith, religious in their habits, but not caring to think or act for themselves.

The Bourbon aristocracy came back to their estates entirely transformed. They developed, during their exile, into models of pious Catholics, strictly observant of all the duties of their Church; grave in their conversation, not a sign of levity in their social life, and scrupulously moral in their tone.

The masses, on the other hand, were transformed into

Voltairians, gay nonchalant, and fond of ephemeral pleasures. Thus the leaders and the people were once more exactly opposed to one another, as they were a quarter of a century, except that the positions were entirely reversed. If there would have been any spirit of compromise on the part of the Bourbon king and the *ancienne noblesse*, matters might have shaped well for France. The French people would have parted with some of their levity and Voltarianism, and the nobility would, if less haughty towards the plebeian, have made it a fashion to act religiously, which in another generation would perhaps have developed into a habit of duty; but the more rigid and proud the ancient nobility became, the more obstinate the people were bent in the opposite direction.

Louis XVIII and his nobility were determined upon no compromise, because, forsooth, Louis XVI acquiesced and lost his head. They would not give in an inch to popular desires, forgetting that it was not the acquiescence to popular requirement that overthrew the late monarch, but rather the suspicion on the part of the Assembly that the king made temporary concessions only to gain time until foreign aid reached him, so that he might abrogate reform altogether.

Public opinion in France was thoroughly gagged. Nothing could appear in the press but what was permitted by a relentless censorship. The right of public assembly was only tolerated in the presence of the police, and solely for non-political purposes, and society of every grade was full of spies and informers.

Public opinion, however, found a vent at last, and when their grievances could not be spoken, they were sung. Quietly working since 1809 in the unostentatious position of clerk in the University of Paris, Beranger published, in November, 1815, five months after the reign of Louis XVIII, his first printed collection of songs. They were received with a burst of applause that was simply overwhelming; the words,

moreover, being wedded to popular melodies like the hymns of Moody and Sankey, instituted a kind of political revivalism. Attached to the songs was generally a chorus, so that when the solo singer produced his effect, the chorus chimed in with vociferous approbation. Beranger's effusions were soon heard at popular concerts; re-echoed by the gamins in the streets, they were hummed by clerks in offices, by cabmen on their boxes, grissets chanted them at the Chaumière, and soldiers whistled the tunes when they thought their Bourbon officers could hear them. The song of the Marquis of Carabas nipped in the bud every chance of popularity for the old nobility. When a patrician of the Bourbon stamp would enter his box at the opera, and a lad in the gallery began to hum the chorus—

Chapeau bas; chapeau bas,
Gloire au Marquis de Carabas,

there was such peals of laughter among the audience that even the actors joined in the merriment.

THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS:

See this old Marquis treating us
As if a conquered race;
His rawboned steed has brought him back
From distant hiding place
With sabre brandished o'er his head,
That never dealt a blow,
The noble mortal marches on!
And seeks his old château.
Hats off, hats off, near and far!
Bow to the Marquis of Carabas!
Almoners, vassals, seneschals,
And serfs of each degree,
"My King," he cries, "hath been restored
By me, and only me!"

But if the rights that suit my rank
 From him I may not claim,
 Why, zounds, his Majesty shall see
 A very different game!"

Hats off, hats off, near and far!
 Bow to the Marquis of Carabas!

"What though a certain miller's name
 Be scandalously known,
 Pepin the Short had many a son—
 And one as head we own.
 The blazon of my coat-of-arms
 To me conviction brings;
 And, faith, I do believe my house
 More noble than the King's!"

Hats off, hats off, near and far!
 Bow to the Marquis of Carabas!

"Who'll put me off? the Marchioness
 In presence sits in state;
 To Court my youngest son shall go
 Where bishops they create.
 My son, the Baron, though perchance
 Not overbold he be,
 Would dangle crosses at his breast—
 He shall at least have three!"

Hats off, hats off, near and far!
 Bow to the Marquis of Carabas!

In peace let's live, then! But for us
 Taxes they dare propose!
 The State is for the noble's good
 Who nothing to it owes.
 Thanks to my warlike stores, and thanks
 To my embattled towers,
 To teach the Préfet what to do
 Is not beyond my powers."

Hats off, hats off, near and far
 Bow to the Marquis of Carabas!

"Levy, ye priests whom we avenge,
 Your tithe, and let us share it :
 Thine, people, is the feudal yoke ;
 Still, beast of burden, bear it !
 'Tis for us only to enjoy
 The chase and its delights :
 Your pretty tendrils must submit
 To our seignorial rights."
 Hats off, hats off, near and far !
 Bow to the Marquis of Carabas !

"Curate, thy duty do ; and wave
 For me the censer high !
 You, grooms and pages, thrash the serfs,
 And make the rascals fly !
 I from my ancestors received
 These glorious rights of theirs :
 Then let them all from me descend
 Unbroken to my heirs !"

Hats off, hats off, near and far !
 Bow to the Marquis of Carabas.

It was therefore extremely difficult for the old *noblesse* to be seen amongst the people, and they were restricted to their own set, where they lived in a world totally different to the rest of France.

One incident only was wanted to raise the popularity of Beranger to its climax, and that was martyrdom. In 1821, when ten thousand names were sent in to the poet, subscribing for a second edition of his songs, the Government influenced the University to deprive him of his post as clerk, and the withdrawal, of course, of the munificent salary of £80 per annum. He was summoned before the tribunal, and charged by the public prosecutor with sedition, irreligion and offence against good morals. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and fined 500 francs. This, of course, transformed the poet into a popular idol, and his enthusiastic

admirers collected a rent or tribute for his future maintenance. To his honour, be it said, he emphatically refused to accept this, and during his whole career steadfastly objected to accept pension or annuity of any kind. He lived comparatively poor and independent. He would always observe, "I am a *chansonnier*. If my songs are good, the public will buy them; if they are no good, I don't deserve anything." After his liberation from prison, Beranger took upon himself, single-handed, to fight the Bourbon dynasty, and he justly prophesied, "I will sing them off the throne."

Les infiniment petits, ou le Gerontocratie (The infinitely little, or the rule of the Greybeards), a lyric poem, which I render you in its English guise, will give you another specimen of the class of songs which the Ministry deemed seditious, though the humour and puns of the original are lost in the translation:—

THE INFINITELY LITTLE;

Les Infiniments Petits.

I've faith in magic; t'other night
A great magician brought to light
Our country's destiny; the sight
Was in a mirror plain.
How threatening was the picture! there
Paris and all its fauxbourgs were.
'Tis 1930, I declare—
But still the grey-beards reign.

A set of dwarfs have got our place;
Our grandsons are so squat a race,
That if beneath their roofs I trace
Such pigmies, 'tis with pain.
France, but the shadow of a shade
Of France that I in youth surveyed,
Is now a petty kingdom made—
But still the grey-beards reign.

How many a tiny little mite !
 What little Jesuits full of spite !
 Other small priests in shoals unite
 Small hosts to bear in train.
 Beneath their blessing all decays ;
 Through them, the oldest court betrays
 The little school in all its ways—
 But still the grey-beards reign.

All's little—workshops, lordlings' hall ;
 Trade, Science, the Fine Arts, are small :
 On tiny fortress vain the call
 Small famines to sustain.
 Along their badly-closed frontier
 Poor little armies, when they hear
 Their little drums, on march appear—
 But still the grey-beards reign.

At length in this prophetic glass
 Crowning our woes, is seen to pass
 A giant—earth can scarce, alas !
 The heretic contain.
 The pigmy people quick he reaches,
 And, braving all their little speeches,
 Pockets the kingdom in his breeches—
 But still the grey-beards reign.

A third edition of "Lyrics," containing this poem, was issued in 1828; the Executive Government, losing all presence of mind, again indicted Beranger for treason, and he was imprisoned for nine months. The poet regained his liberty just in time to witness the revolution of 1830, when the Bourbon dynasty, like a tree placed in the earth without rooting to the soil, sickened and died. Beranger now threw himself heart and soul into the new era, and strongly supported the Citizen King who was to have regenerated France and wed the new system with tradition of the olden time. The reign of Louis Phillipe was,

however, a bitter disappointment to the poet. Political France was divided at that period into four distinct sections. Unlike as in Great Britain, where, however much we may differ in politics, we do not brand our opponents as traitors, but rather believe we are each actuated, though by different methods, with a desire to benefit our common country, in France the lines were sharply divided, each hating the other and admitting of no possible compromise, and each one accusing the other of ruining the nation. The first Party were the old foggy Bourbons, who learned nothing and forgot nothing, and saw in every reform a spectre from the lower regions. The second Party were the Conservative Imperialists, who believed in popular franchise, moderate reform, coupled with a strong executive. The third section were timid supporters of progressive principles, advocating a very narrow franchise, and with executive officers selected from the middle classes, retaining a preference for monarchical institutions. The fourth section were the advanced free-thinkers, and everybody in France who was republican in a greater or less degree, and every man or woman who had a grievance or a hobby.

Now, the régime of Louis Phillipe was conducted by the third section, the timid supporters of progressive principles. consisted mainly of wealthy middle-class provincial families, many of them respectable merchants, brokers, and bankers, who were little princes in their provincial circles; but were led away by the idea that because they ruled in their municipalities, that all France would render them the same homage. Thus the French masses found that socially, and even politically, there was almost as wide a gulf between them as with the ancient nobility. These middle-class politicians would do much *for* the people but nothing *with* them, and under no circumstances would permit representatives of the republican masses to have a share in the executive government.

Moreover, this third party acted as though their section had alone discovered the secret of good government, which meant simply that so long as their middle-class aspirations were politically gratified, there necessarily must be happiness and contentment; and, furthermore, they assumed the leadership of the people as though all progressive ideas could only be filtered through their puny funnels. The majority of the people of France, however, were not contented with this system. It was bad enough for the old aristocrats to assume high social airs of superiority, but then they had the halo of ancient lineage and feudal descent surrounding them, and much as they were hated, not a few respected their prejudices, but when the new leaders, the provincial merchants, bankers, and manufacturers, began to ape patrician manners, they received the contempt of the nation, and were as thoroughly hated as the old régime, and all their millions could not win them the goodwill of the people. Of course, Louis Phillipe, the middle-class king of a middle-class *coterie*, shared in the ridicule of his circle, for the old families shunned the Court, which was mostly attended by wealthy bourgeoisie, who imagined themselves the heirs and successors of patrician honour. Beranger has immortalised them in his song of the "Court Dress."

THE COURT DRESS.

L'habit de Cour.

Never answer for any one more ;
 I've a mind to turn courtier—I !
 Come, old-clothes man, hand out from your store
 What you pick up when chamberlains die !
 A great prince would his favour bestow ;
 To besiege his abode I must press ;
 Lucky day ! to his highness's palace I go ;
 And I've come just to buy a court dress.

Ambition is tugging my ear,
 With a hint that I'm moving too slow ;
 While my richly-trimmed coat seems to fear
 Lest I bow not sufficiently low.
 Already folks deference show ;
 Already they hail my success.
 Lucky day ! to his highness's levee I go ;
 And I really have on a court dress.

These proceedings caused incipient cravings for the Napoleonic empire. A song of this period, "*Les Souvenirs du Peuple*," kept this sentiment warm in the minds of the nation.

THE PEOPLE'S REMINISCENCES.

Les Souvenirs du Peuple.

" Ay, many a day the straw-thatched cot
 Shall echo with his glory !
 The humblest shed, these fifty years,
 Shall know no other story.
 There shall the idle villagers
 To some old dame resort,
 And beg her with those good old tales
 To make their evenings short.
 What though they say he did us harm,
 Our love this cannot dim ;
 Come, granny, talk of him to us !
 Come, granny, talk of him !"

" Well, children—with a train of kings
 Once he passed by this spot ;
 'Twas long ago ; I had but just
 Begun to boil the pot.
 On foot he climbed the hill whereon
 I watched him on his way.
 He wore a small three-cornered hat ;
 His overcoat was grey.

I was half-frightened till he said,
 ' My dear, how do you do ?' —
 " O granny, granny, did he speak ?
 What, granny, speak to you ?"

" Next year it happened I, poor soul,
 Through Paris strolled one day,
 And saw him taking, with his court,
 To Notre Dame his way.
 The crowd was charmed with such a show ;
 Their hearts were filled with pride ;
 ' What splendid weather for the fête ;
 Heaven favours him ! ' they cried.
 Softly he smiled, for by God's grace
 His son was born for France." —
 " Oh, what a lucky chance for you !
 O granny, what a chance !"

" But when at length our poor Champagne
 By aliens was o'errun,
 He seemed alone to hold his ground ;
 No dangers would he shun.
 One night—as might be now—I heard
 A knock ; the door unbarred ;
 And saw ; good God ! 'twas he, himself,
 With but a scanty guard.
 ' Oh, what a war this is ! ' he cried,
 Taking this very chair." —
 " What ! granny, granny, there he sat ?
 What, granny, he sat there ?"

" ' I'm hungry,' said he ; quick I served
 Him wine and hard brown bread ;
 He dried his clothes, and by the fire
 In sleep drooped down his head.
 Waking, he saw my tears—' Cheer up !
 Cheer up ! ' says he, ' I go
 Neath Paris' eyes for ill-used France
 To strike a vengeful blow.'

He went ; but on the glass he used
 Such value did I set ;
 I've kept it always."—" What ! till now ?
 You have it, granny, yet ?"

" Here 'tis, but 'twas the hero's fate
 To ruin to be led ;
 He, whom a Pope had crowned, alas
 In a lone isle lies dead.
 'Twas long denied : ' No, no,' said they,
 ' Soon shall he reappear ;
 Over sea comes he, and the foe
 Shall find his master here !'
 Ah, what a bitter pang I felt,
 When forced to own 'twas true !"—
 " Poor granny ! heaven for this, will look,
 Will kindly look on you."

Louis Philippe thought to trim to this feeling, and by asking England to surrender the body of the great emperor, and re-inter it in the Invalides in Paris, the bourgeois king thought some of the imperial glory might reflect upon his house ; but the contrast between the rulers was too marked. The faults of the dead Cæsar were condoned or forgotten, whilst the man who then ruled France, and was known to enrich himself and his house, was execrated still more. One last effort was made by the dynasty, and it was to enlist to their aid a portion of the press, and conductors of journals were called into political power, but the device was too transparent to succeed. " The Fiddler of Meudon," " Le Ménétrier de Meudon," a song, well satirises them :—

Dance, dance, the fiddler of Meudon
 Is playing you a tune.
 Up, up, obey him, he's the king
 That rules the rigadon at Pampelune.
 He gets a summons to the Court,
 Poor man, and duly minds it.

How the gold sparkles there ! how grand
 A paradise he finds it !
 There velvet, pearls, and rubies shine,
 Kings, princes, and princesses ;
 All things save faithful love are there,
 All up to sly caresses.
 Dance, dance, &c.

The revolution of 1848 broke up this ill-assorted compromise between a limb of the ancient lineage and a portion of the nation, and the Republic once more was proclaimed. Beranger was then elected to the National Assembly for the Department of the Seine, one of the greatest political honours that can be conferred on a citizen of France, but the poet firmly declined.

"I sing for the people, not speak for them, and in Parliament I can sing no songs. Let every man," said Beranger, "keep to that sphere wherein nature has endowed him with most power." He was a second time elected, and again declined the honour, when, respecting his desire for privacy, he was importuned no longer.

The short-lived Republic, a government unable to control the various factions, died from inanition, and the experiment of Imperialism was once more resorted to.

Beranger's lyre ceased with the new Empire. Born with the earlier travails of the first French Revolution, he warbled his youthful melodies at the close of the reign of the great Napoleon, and for half a century he thrilled the hearts of Frenchmen. On the 16th of July, 1857, when Beranger's spirit fled from earth, it is not a figure of speech to say that the nation mourned more deeply and truly than was ever a monarch or hero in France.

A priest was called in just before death ; he murmured, "*Ma vie a été celle d'un honnête homme, je ne me rappelle rien dont j'aie à rougir devant Dieu.*" "My life has been that

of an honest man, and I recollect nothing for which I need blush before God."

Beranger never, however, saw his ideal government, nor, perhaps, will any other human being. He was always reticent of his actual political views; he was certainly no revolutionist, and he detested government by any one class. Like Carlyle and Ruskin, he had an admiration for force and genius, and in his writings there seems to run a species of political Darwinism that the fittest would eventually survive.

We might ask why the form of government so congenial to ourselves—that of a limited constitutional monarchy—should not have the same success across the channel. Monsieur Gambetta, in his volume of speeches just published by Joseph Reinach, replies to this. He says—

"Je dis que la forme aristocratique Anglaise, qui a assuré et garanti une certaine liberté dans la Grande Bretagne, a été reconnue deux fois impuissante à la réaliser en France. Par conséquent, vous voyez bien qu'il y a des formes qui assurent la liberté et d'autres qui ne l'assurent pas, et que les mêmes formes appliquées à des milieux différents produisent des résultats absolument opposés,"

showing that our system produces exactly opposite results when adopted by the French people for themselves. In other words, loyalty to a reigning family *does exist* in England, but cannot be *created* for France.

I will conclude with an extract from an English critic (William Young, on Beranger), whose poetic versions I have made use of.

"It is impossible to exaggerate what his popularity was in France, In its universality it has probably never been equalled by that of any other poet, ancient or modern. It prevailed through all grades of society. Beranger's songs were the delight of the drawing-room, and the wonder of the critic, no less than the favourites of the artizan who could not read them, but yet knew them by heart. The intelligent reader will have no difficulty in tracing the cause of this in Beranger's

own records of his youth, his manhood, and his age ; nor less will he find proofs of his intense nationality, his honest contempt for wealth and state, his keen relish for convivial excitement, his melancholy that had no moroseness, his cheerfulness of spirit that would lighten the burdens of others, his pungent satirical vein, that treats individuals as a type of a class, and was never prompted by private malice, or used for petty ends."

I can place no choicer garland upon the tomb of Beranger than an extract from one of his songs :—

Be thou grateful for thy lot, the muse doth owe thee thanks,
 That of a mighty people she hath moved the lowest ranks.
 The song that to the heedful ear flies with direct appeal,
 Hath bruited forth thy verse which thus the ignorant can feel.
 Your orators may speeches make, to those who've learned to read,
 But thou conspiring against kings and setting forth thy creed,
 That voices might be harmonised in marriage, didst aspire
 To join the poor man's airs with accents of the lyre.
 Frenchmen and veterans shall say, with moistened eye,
 Once shining forth in Heaven at eve, that star we can recall, [fall.
 Though God was pleased to quench his light a long time before its
 Adieu, then, songs adieu, for bald and wrinkled is my brow ;
 The northern blast hath blustered loud, the bird is silent now.

THE CENTURY OF CALDERON.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL,

FEBRUARY 23RD, 1885.

BY

B. L. BENAS.

THE CENTURY OF CALDERON.

My paper this evening will be partly a criticism of the poems and dramas of Calderon and partly a historical reflection of the century in which he lived — the two subjects being inseparably interwoven with one another; if, therefore, it would seem in the course of my remarks that there is a digression from the main subject, it is because the works of Calderon are in a great measure the evolution of his century.

Archbishop Trench gives it as his opinion "that there are only three nations, in the western world at least, Greece, England, and Spain, which boast an independent school of dramatic poetry, one going its own way, growing out of its own roots, not timidly asking what others have done before, but boldly doing that which its own native impulses urged it to do; the utterance of the national heart and mind, accepting no laws from without, but only those which it has imposed on itself as laws of its true liberty, and not of bondage; so rich and so conscious of its riches that it did not care to beg or to borrow. The Roman drama and the French are avowedly imitations; nor can all the vigour and even originality in detail which the former displays, vindicate for it an independent position; Germany has some fine national plays, standing each of them isolated and apart, but no national dramatic literature; the same may be said of Italy."

I am inclined to think that there is much force in the Archbishop's opinion, and it seems somewhat strange that Calderon, who is idolised by forty millions of Spanish speak-

ing people with a greater enthusiasm than even we evince for our immortal Shakespeare, should be so little known to the Anglo-Saxon and northern races of Europe. Yet this is easily explainable, for, great as Calderon undoubtedly was, he never rose above the prejudices of the Spanish people—a people who, although undoubtedly clever, were not, neither are they now, educated or wise. I do not mean to infer that an educated people may always be possessed of wisdom or national tact. If national education means simply the inculcation of a limited amount of mechanical information, such as the imparting of the three R.'s, the dates of the principal historical events, the heights of the chief mountains, the lengths of the different rivers, the distances from the earth to the objects in the planetary system, then Great Britain, France, Italy, and Spain would rank much below Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, or North Germany. There is no doubt that if a statistical comparison of illiterates were instituted between the different nations I have enumerated the apparent result would be undoubtedly in favour of the more northern people. Yet who would not maintain that Great Britain or France, even before the era of school boards, were, if not so well instructed a nation, certainly as clever in the aggregate as others better endowed with school teaching. It seems that people possessed of national tact are those that accept lessons from their own history, and turn even national disasters into beacon lights to warn themselves from similar catastrophes. For example, England has never had a repetition of the wars of the Roses, a family quarrel, where two branches of a dynasty almost ruined themselves and shed oceans of blood in order to settle their rival claims to kingship—the deposition of James the Second, and the revolt of the Pretender in Scotland were but feeble flickerings compared to the vast conflagration of rival terests of the Yorkists and Lancastrians. Nor has the

crown in England ever again been arrayed in arms against the people as Charles was with his parliament. Neither has the friction between the two houses of parliament, such as took place in 1832, ever been repeated; for the question which lately agitated the country for a few months, was less a question of principle than of procedure, the right of the popular will ultimately to decide never having been called into question. In France, since the reign of Henri Quatre, no two members of the same family have ever been arrayed against each other in arms. The religious ebullition of violence on the day of St. Bartholomew has never been repeated. The Revolution of 1792, with all its bloodshed, was carried on under a seeming cloak of legality. The Revolution of 1830 was roseate compared to the first upheaval; whilst the changes of Government in 1848 and 1871 hardly assumed greater proportions than those of a local riot.

If France has not altogether attained a consolidated popular government, coupled with respect for law and authority, it is because some of the causes which have for so long a period unfavourably influenced the social fabric of the Iberian Peninsula, though in a far less degree, are working their injury upon the French. Spain has, however, during the many vicissitudes she has undergone, only within the last few years emerged from a kind of national trance, during which period she has dreamed an existence of power, whilst other nations who have been awake and active have simply ignored her presence as a factor in the common work of international polity.

Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca, a man little known except to the few who have taken an interest in Spanish literature, was a dramatic poet, honoured wherever the Spanish language is spoken. Many of those who worship at his shrine place him upon a pedestal hardly below that of the great William Shakespeare; others there are, and these are

principally the French school of critics, who criticise him adversely, yet have not failed to plagiarize from his works. I venture to think that between those who worship Calderon with a fervid idolatry, and his Gallic detractors (who have even traduced Shakespeare), there is a middle path of high recognition—to use the words of the German Heine, “He is a poet by divine right, who attained the first firmament of poetry if he failed to reach the seventh heaven of dramatic literature.”

Calderon was born at Madrid, January 17th, 1600, and died May 25th, 1681. To better suggest the epoch in which he lived in contemporaneous English history, let us be reminded that he was born when Queen Elizabeth was on the throne, he was an active military officer during the period coincident with James I, flourished as a dramatist contemporaneously with Charles I, that his literary labours co-existed with the rule of Oliver Cromwell, and that he closed his life long after the restoration of Charles II, almost at the termination of the Merry Monarch's reign. Calderon wrote about one hundred and twenty secular dramas, and something like seventy *autos*, plays dealing with religious subjects, besides a number of fragmentary pieces—this will show how difficult it is to deal with so prolific an author in a paper such as is presentable to a Society like ours. The Spanish writers were as a rule voluminous. Lope de Vega, his master and predecessor in poetic fame, wrote as many as fifteen hundred different pieces.

Spain was at that period the leading nation in the world ; she had ships, she had colonies, she had commerce, far outstripping all her rivals. There was relatively as much difference in political importance, at the time just preceding Calderon, between Spain and Great Britain as there is at the present time between Great Britain and Holland or Sweden. The Iberian Peninsula was full of the great deeds of her

warriors, statesmen and poets, and the discovery of a new world by her navigators seemed for all time to secure for her the precedence among nations. All these sentiments vibrate through the pages of Calderon; he evidently writes with the consciousness that he is privileged to appeal to the greatest people in the world, one whose language was spoken from end to end of the globe, and upon whose rule and influence the sun had never set; in the words of the King, in his play called the *Great Theatre of the World*, he observes with conscious Spanish pride:—

King of whate'er the sun illumines
Of whate'er the sea enfolds—
I am master absolute,
I am the undoubted lord;
Vassals of my sceptre all—
Bow themselves where'er I go.
What do I need in the world?

Calderon, like Goethe, Byron, and Tennyson, was born to a goodly heritage; his father was a gentleman of means, his mother descended from a Flemish family of good birth. Unlike some authors who have had to struggle for their existence, he knew nothing of pecuniary difficulties; his father was Secretary to the Treasury Board under Philip II and Philip III, hence he was not only in good circumstances, but possessed considerable political and social influence, and moved in the best society of Madrid. When Calderon described the amenities of ladies and gentlemen, when he revels in courts and courtiers, he did not draw upon his imagination for descriptive scenes, but simply recounted the life in which he lived and moved. His elementary studies he pursued at the Jesuit College at Madrid, and for five years after that he was a student of theology at the University of Salamanca; at nineteen we find him at Madrid without any fixed occupation. There are some traces of his

dabbling in poetry as early as 1620, but not until a few years later did he achieve anything appreciable. At the canonization of St. Isidore, the peasant saint of Madrid, we find in a trustworthy book of that period, called *Los hijos de Madrid*—the sons of Madrid, the following relating to some verses that Calderon composed on the occasion :—

This Calderon in his tender years has won laurels which time generally confers on grey hairs.

As was usual with young men of good social position in Spain, he joined the army in his twentieth year, and continued that career for ten years; he took part in the wars of Lombardy and the Low Countries. It is thought, from his graphic description of all the details in an early play—*The Siege of Breda*—that he must have been present at the taking of that fortress by Spinola, the celebrated Genoese warrior. To Englishmen this play will be interesting from the fact that Morgan, an English captain, who was amongst those entrusted with the defence of Breda, assisted by a small number of English and Scotch military adventurers, so common at that period, has been enthusiastically described by Calderon as a true hero, and as the soul of the defence of the vanquished fortress. This play is, however, one of Calderon's earliest and weakest. His military life seems to have given him great dramatic fervour, for during that period, no doubt in the leisure of the camp—for wars and sieges were terribly tedious in former centuries, and the area of combats more circumscribed than in our days, he must have had ample time—some of his best plays, *The Fairy Lady*, *The Physician of his own Honour*, *It is better than it was*, *Life's a Dream*, were composed. During the time that Calderon was with the army his plays were being performed at the Madrid theatres, and all classes of the people were carried away with enthusiasm. When he was but

thirty years of age, Lope de Vega, until then the greatest dramatic writer of Spain, recognised Calderon as his equal and his successor; and in 1635, when De Vega died, Calderon was by common consent placed on the vacant poetic throne. Philip IV, who was a passionate admirer of the drama, ordered Calderon back from the wars and conferred upon him the office of Intendant of the Court Theatre, a similar position to that which Goethe occupied at Weimar. The King was most desirous to prevent the poet continuing his career of arms, for the fate of Garcilasso was in his mind. This young and highly-gifted poet, who died in early manhood leading a forlorn hope, was felt to be an irreparable loss to Spain; it was, therefore, thought wise to use every inducement to keep Calderon from meeting a similar fate; he however stipulated, so it is reported, to remain with his comrades in arms until peace was concluded. Calderon then entered fully into his duties as Court Poet and Dramatist, and for all royal festivities and masques his poesy was in constant request. On the occasion of King Philip's second wife, Anna Maria of Austria, arriving in Madrid, he wrote *Beware of Still Waters*, wherein the pomp and royal circumstance of the marriage and pageant was made much of. In 1651, he took a step in life which in England might seem incongruous with his occupation, but in Spain was accepted as a matter of course, Calderon entered into holy orders, became a priest, and was appointed Knight of the Order of Santiago, and Chaplain to the Chapel of Kings at Toledo, and never until the close of his life, on Whit Sunday, May 25th, 1681, his years being parallel with those of his century, having been born in 1600, did his literary activity cease, nor did his popularity ever diminish. He was interred in the parish church of San Salvador; and in 1840, his remains were removed with considerable pomp and solemnity to the church of Our Lady of Atocha, a kind of Spanish West-

minster Abbey. On that occasion, Zorilla, considered the best modern poet of Spain, composed his *Apoteosis de Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca*.

In May, 1882, great festivities took place at Madrid in commemoration of Calderon's bi-centenary. For many months previously Madrid had been anxiously preparing for the festival in honour of her great poet. Invitations were scattered broadcast through Europe, and poets of all nations were invited to compete in prize odes and essays on Calderon and his works. On the 22nd of May numerous literary meetings were held, a monument unveiled, and banquets, concerts, and lectures innumerable were given, while Calderon's plays were performed at the theatres. On the 25th, the anniversary of Calderon's death, a solemn service was celebrated in the Church of San Jose, the King and all the celebrities of the capital being present, and after the Mass had been said, a procession was formed which wended its way to Calderon's tomb. Next day there was another procession of some eight or nine thousand youths; but on the 27th, there was a grand historical cavalcade which certainly formed the greatest feature in the whole proceedings. This comprised, in addition to deputations from every Town Council, guild, literary, commercial, and official corporation in the kingdom, a number of triumphal cars, allegorical statues on platforms drawn by horses, and soldiers in the uniforms and with the arms of the seventeenth century. A newspaper correspondent tells us it seemed as if the contemporaries of Calderon had sent some 2,000 dignitaries and citizens of the Madrid of 1681 to parade the streets with the modern promoters of the centenary festivities.

To illustrate the genius of Calderon, I will bring before you one his finest historical plays, a drama for which Goethe

and Shelley have expressed their intense admiration. It is entitled *The Constant Prince*. It treats of a war, one of many which Portugal engaged in with the Moors on the African coast. In one of these campaigns Prince Ferdinand, by the way, grandson of our John of Gaunt, was taken prisoner by the King of Fez, and was offered his liberty on condition that the then Christian city of Ceuta should be surrendered to the Mahomedan king as ransom. To this the prince, like Regulus, the old Roman captive in Carthage, refuses to give his consent. With the main plot of the drama there is also an underplot, similar to those of the Shakespearian historical plays. The daughter of the King of Fez, a beautiful Moorish girl called Princess Phoenix, is beloved by Muley, nephew of the king and general of the army, whose love is reciprocated. Muley, the Moor, was at a previous period captured by the Portuguese, and was set free by this very Prince Ferdinand who is now a prisoner of his uncle the king.

In the first scene we see the princess taking her airing in the royal gardens of Fez, listening to the distant songs of Christian captives who are working their period of servitude, and whose chains are clanking in time to their voices. Her maid bids the captives continue their strains, "for," observes she, "our good princess doth love to hear the dulcet melody of sweet song." They are, however, soon dismissed, as the king now enters and tells his daughter that he has promised her in marriage to the King of Morocco. This is heartrending tidings, to Muley, but they are both suddenly informed that the Portuguese have effected a landing, and that their armies are in full march against the Moors. All sentiment is at once dismissed, and both king and general hasten to the front, and we now enter upon the main plot of Calderon's drama. On the Portuguese landing on the shore, Prince Henry, brother to

Ferdinand, happens to meet with a fall. The Christian warriors take this as an evil omen, but the brave Ferdinand cheers them thus :

These common portents and these terrors vain
Come to win credence from our Moorish foes,
Not to dismay the Knights of Christ's own train ;
We two are such. Not here in fight we close—
From vain desire of proud memorial—
That in the scroll of history brightly shows,
When human eyes upon the record fall ;
The faith of God we come to magnify.
His be the honour, his the glory all,
If we with good success shall live and die :
Fearing God's chastisements men fear aright,
But no vain terrors wrap them when they dart ;
We come to serve, not trespass in his sight,—
Christians ye are, as Christians act your part.

But under-estimating the forces of the Moors, and venturing with too small an army, the Portuguese are utterly routed ; and whilst performing heroic feats of valour, Prince Ferdinand is captured and brought in triumph before the King of Fez. The king receives the Christian prince with every kindness and courtesy due to his high rank, and despatches a message to the King of Portugal, offering to set the prince at liberty, and demanding as his ransom the city of Ceuta. King Edward, dying with grief at the report of this disaster, with a last effort signs a document granting the Moorish king's request. Prince Henry appears with this treaty before the King of Fez, and here the dramatist works a most powerful scene. Everything is expected to end well, but Prince Ferdinand—a Christian Regulus—refuses his liberty at such a price. He cannot, and will not, sacrifice a city won by his country's best blood ; nor can he, as a true believer, allow its churches to be converted into mosques. He tears the treaty into fragments, in the pre-

sence of the Moorish king, and prefers to remain a slave rather than gain his freedom at such a cost. The King of Fez fumes and raves at this unlooked for attitude, and exclaims, "How dare you keep the city from me?" "Because," replies the prince, "it belongs to God, and not to me."

The next act brings us into a Moorish garden, for Calderon revels in tropical verdure, where blue skies and gurgling waters, bright sunshine and luxuriant foliage intermingle with one another. Prince Ferdinand hoped for a martyr's death, trusting the axe would swiftly send him to heavenly realms. But this the Moorish king had not intended; he would keep him an abject slave, loaded with chains, working amid a party of the lowest giaours, eating his heart gradually away; the Moor being sustained by the hope that the prince would eventually yield him the price of his ransom. But the prince works on. In this garden, in chains, he meets the Princess Phoenix, with an attendant. The princess speaks to her maid of a curious prophecy uttered at her birth, namely, that she should be the price of the ransom of a corpse. "Who can this dead man be, of whom I am to be the price?" asks the princess. Prince Ferdinand overhears this question, and cutting a flower, offers it to the princess, saying, "I bring you in this flower the emblem of my fortune." The princess listens with evident sympathy to the slave whom a little time before she saw, in all the pride of a cavalier, at her father's court, and whom now she recognises in the wan, pallid, and suffering bondsman. The captive prince hands her the flower with these words:

These, which to greet the day's first splendour waking,
Arose in gladness and in exultation,
Shall be at eve vain grief and lamentation.
In the cold arms of night their last sleep taking.
These tints that *challenge heaven*, new rainbows making

Of ordered gold and snow and deep carnation,
Shall teach us much, in one day's brief duration,
Our brittle life with warning terrors shaking ;
For as the roses early rise to bloom,
But, as they bloom, old age comes on apace,
Till in one bud they cradle find and tomb—
Even such like fortune waits the human race,
In one day to be born and die their doom ;
For hours and ages past leave self-same trace.

The next scene brings together two different types of high-souled human beings—Muley, the young Moorish captain, and the captive prince. Muley cannot forget that he owes his life to Prince Ferdinand, and endeavours to indicate to him some means of effecting his escape from horrible servitude. He offers to give him the keys of his dungeon, have a bark ready so that he can swiftly reach the other shore, and that the king would at worst only suspect the guards. The Christian prince refuses, for why should suspicion fall unmerited upon others. Then the Moorish captain rises to a height of chivalry; he offers to remain in the dungeon, allow the prince to obtain his freedom, and surrender his life in exchange for that of the escaped Christian prince. This Ferdinand declines, as it would involve Muley in treachery to his sovereign; he prefers captivity, and will retain the title of "The Constant Prince." Muley once more hastens to the king, and entreats him to accept the untold sums of gold that Portugal offers for the ransom of her prince. "Ceuta, or nothing," replies the monarch. To add to poor Muley's sufferings, he is ordered by the king to escort the Princess Phoenix to her affianced bridegroom, the King of Morocco. In the meantime, Portugal has been making great efforts to relieve Prince Ferdinand by force of arms. This redoubles the cruelty of the King of Fez towards his captive, so that Prince Ferdinand implores the

king to grant him death. In a very fine speech, much too long for our dramatic taste, he asks the sovereign to heed his suit, for magnanimity to a fallen foe is one of the bright jewels of a royal crown. Animals have royal characteristics, how much the more human beings. The lion tears not the unresisting; the eagle prevents a traveller from drinking a poisoned fount; a dolphin has saved a shipwrecked mariner; the pomegranate, queen of fruits, gives warning when envenomed by turning pale. What pity, then, may not a monarch among men extend to a suppliant? The prince asks not life; it is death he implores. He concludes with something reminding us of King Lear:

Vent on me thy fiercest rage,
Since though hotter grow my torments,
Sharper yet these cruel pains,
Fiercer yet on me thy rigours,
Me, though yet worse miseries waste,
Though I yet worse hunger suffer,
Ragged, stript of raiment bare,
Though I lie midst dust and ashes,
Firm I still cleave to the faith;
For it is the sun which lights me
(Light that points my course out plain),
And my Victor's crown of laurel;
Thou shalt no proud triumph take
O'er the Church! If such thy pleasure,
O'er *me* triumph, here abased;
God will rise, my cause maintaining,
For 'tis His that I maintain.

The king replies:

Canst thou boast, and consolation
In thy very sufferings find?
How, then, speak my condemnation,
If they stir not my compassion,
Rousing none in thine own mind?

Since thy death from thine own hand
Comes, and not from my command.
Hope not any help from me—
Pity first thyself, then see
How I pity !

But the already weakened frame of the captive prince, exhausted in his appeal to the king, is no longer able to totter further, and the death he prayed for at the hand of the king comes unasked from heaven. He tells a fellow Christian slave in dying words :

Noble Juan, hear one last
Prayer ; 'tis this, when death is past,
Strip me of this raiment old,
Fetching from our hut, unrolled,
My great order's cloak, by me
Borne through long years faithfully.
Bury me wrapped in its fold,
Face unveiled : should pityingly
Softened the king's wrath endure
That I here find sepulture—
Mark my grave, for hope have I
That, although I captive die,
I shall ransomed be one day—
Where, by altars, priests can pray ;
For since I, my God, to Thee
Many churches gave, to me
One I know Thou wilt repay.

The last act is full of life and animation. The Portuguese troops are hastening to the relief of the Christian hero, hoping to find him yet alive. The King of Fez, baulked by the death of the prince of the city of Ceuta, upon which he had set his heart, refuses to give the body burial. Just at this moment the Portuguese troops are at the walls of Fez, and during their march have captured both the King of Morocco and the monarch's daughter, Princess

Phoenix. Trumpets sound for a parley; King Alphonso demands Prince Ferdinand's release, else the beauteous Phoenix will be put to death before her father's eyes. The King of Fez hesitates, and reproaches are heaped upon her father's head by the princess.

"Nay," the king her father replies—

It is not that I would not grant thy life, sweet daughter; it is mine that the stars are conspiring to take from me by slaying thee. For know, King Alphonso, that the exchange thou proposest is no longer in my power. This coffin holds all that is left of the prince. Kill my beauteous Phoenix, and let my blood pay for thine. I shall die myself soon after.

"Not so," is King Alphonso's magnanimous reply—

King of Fez, lest thou consider
That dead Ferdinand in value
Weighs less than this living beauty
I for his dear corpse exchange her.
Send me, therefore, snow for crystals,
January for May the radiant,
Withered roses for thy diamonds,—
Yea, send death for beauty rarest.

Thus the prophecy becomes fulfilled, that Princess Phoenix becomes a ransom for a corpse. The King of Portugal, as he delivers her to the King of Fez, pleads for her marriage with the faithful Muley, whilst the Christian captives are set free, bearing the hallowed remains of "The Constant Prince," to be treasured as cherished relics in their cathedral, mingling gladness with tears in reverent homage to the martyr prince.*

No record of Calderon would be complete without a mention of his *Magico Prodigioso*, a subject which seems to be a favourite one with great poetic minds. Milton is immortalised by his *Paradise Lost*, so is Dante by his *Divina*

* Hasell.

Comedia; Byron has touched upon the weird in his *Manfred*, and Goethe evolved his *Faust* from the thoughts and experiences of a lifelong thought. Calderon in his *Magico Prodigioso* has likewise struck a sympathetic chord on the same lyre. He has produced a fine tragedy dealing with the influence of good and evil upon a highly-refined and sensitive mind; and has endeavoured to bring into conflict the rival seductions of mental and material gratifications. Shelley has given some admirable translations from this tragedy, with all the deep feeling of this grand erratic English poet. The speech of the Demon is very fine, reminding us of Milton:—

Since thou desirest I will then unveil
Myself to thee; for in myself I am
A world of happiness and misery;
This I have lost, and that I must
Lament for ever. In my attributes I stood
So high and so heroically great,
In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
Which penetrated with a glance the world
Beneath my feet, that won by my high merit.
A King whom I may call the King of Kings
Because all others tremble in their pride
Before the terrors of his countenance.
In his high palace roofed with brightest gems
Of living light (call them the stars of heaven),
Named me his counsellor. But the high praise
Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
In mighty competition, to ascend
His seat, and place my foot triumphantly
Upon his subject thrones—chastised, I know
The depth to which ambition falls! Too mad
Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
Repentance of the irrevocable deed;
Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory
Of not to be subdued, before the shame
Of reconciling me with him who reigns
By coward cession.

How contradictory it seems, that there was an evident sympathy in thought between Calderon and Shelley, this is all the more strange inasmuch as the Spanish poet was thoroughly Catholic, whose whole aim and object was to glorify the Church. Schlegel, the German poet and critic, writes:—"In every situation and circumstance Calderon is of all dramatic poets the most Christian. He would dare to touch upon the most difficult problems that agitate the human mind—the objective aims of human existence, the why and wherefore of human suffering, whether this planet is the be all and end all of creation, yet Calderon generally winds up his speculative theories much as a subaltern whose only duty is to fight the enemy and obey, he seems quite certain that the chief of the staff and the council of war know what they are aiming at, and although he foresees difficulties immeasurable, he never doubts the invincibility of the flag under which he has enlisted." The point of contact with Shelley seems to be that he appreciates the difficulties and mysticism of the Spanish poet, but has no such confidence in the sovereign puissance of his comrade's leaders. How deeply Shelley was imbued with Calderon's weird imagery the following story which Lord Byron related to Captain Medwin shows:—

Shortly before his fatal voyage to Leghorn, the inhabitants of the country house at San Lorenzo were alarmed at midnight by piercing shrieks. They rushed out of their bedrooms, and found Shelley in the saloon with his eyes wide open, and gazing into vacancy as though he beheld some spectre. On waking him, he related that he had had a vision. He thought that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside and beckoned to him. He got up and followed it; when in the hall the phantom lifted up the hood of his cloak, showed Shelley the phantasm of himself and saying "*siete soddisfatto*" vanished.

Shelley had been reading a strange drama by Calderon, entitled *El Embozado o' el Encapotado*.

The story is that a kind of Cipriano, or Faust, is through life thwarted in all his plans for the acquisition of wealth, or honour, or happiness, by a masked stranger, who stands in his way like some Alastor, or evil spirit. He is at length in love, the day is fixed for his marriage, when the unknown contrives to sow dissension between him and his betrothed, and to break off the match. Infuriate with his wrongs, he breathes nothing but revenge, but all his attempts to discover his mysterious foe prove abortive; at length his persecutor appears of his own accord. When about to fight, the Embozado unmasks, and discovers the phantasm of himself, saying, "Are you satisfied." The hero of the play dies with horror.

This drama had worked strongly on Shelley's imagination, and accounts for the awful scene at San Lorenzo.

In another tragedy, the *Mayor of Zolamea*, Calderon so much resembles Shakespeare in Polonius' advice to his son that I venture to give you the lines:—

By God's grace boy, thou comest of honourable if of humble stock; bear both in mind, so as neither to be daunted from trying to rise, nor puffed up so as to be sure to fall. How many have done away the memory of a defect by carrying themselves modestly; while others again have gotten a blemish, only by being too proud of being born without one. There is a just humility that will maintain thine own dignity, and yet make thee insensible to many a rub that galls the proud spirit.

Be courteous in thy manner, and liberal of thy purse; for 'tis the hand to the bonnet and in the pocket that makes friends in this world, of whom to gain one good, all the gold the sun breeds in India, or the universal sea sucks down, were a cheap purchase. Speak no evil of women. I tell thee the meanest of them deserves our respect; for of women do we not all come? Quarrel with no one but with good cause; by the Lord, over and over again when I see masters and schools of arms amongst us I say to myself, "This is not the thing we want at all—*how* to fight—but *why* to fight, that is the lesson we want to learn—and I verily believe if but one master of the *why to fight* advertised among us, he would carry off all the scholars.

From the examples of Calderon's writings we may now proceed to see the points of strength and likewise the weakness of his compositions. His works reflect with striking exactness the very character of the Spanish people, moulded as it has been by a variety of external and internal influences. It will be perceived that his dramas are intensely national and at the same time religious, thus vibrating with the pulsation of the popular feeling of Spain. We entirely miss the splendid individuality of character which Shakespeare's heroes and heroines possess. Hamlet, Othello, Iago, Romeo, Benedict, Orlando, Macbeth and Falstaff are each separate and distinct individualities, and actuated, each of them, by a different code of morals; they act their own lives and they speak their own words.

Calderon's language, it must be admitted, is superb and full of poetic imagination, yet all his heroes and heroines are, if I may so term them, Calderon's marionettes; you feel they have no action of their own, and it is the poet himself who is speaking. All his good characters have the same line of virtues, all his shady characters have identical failings, so that having read one drama, however much the language may differ, you are well aware how the drama will culminate.

I have advisedly given the thread of the *Constant Prince*, dealing as it does with two different races and religions. In a purely local Spanish play, dealing entirely with men of one religious thought and one nationality, Calderon's heroes lie and cheat, are unmindful of the seventh commandment, they are nevertheless good churchmen, courteous and well bred, always prepared to die for the faith, and generally wind up in the odour of sanctity. From Calderon's point of view no possible virtues could atone for the fact of being a heretic, but given the two cardinal points, loyalty to the sovereign and fidelity to the church, the ultimate

chances of reserved seats in Paradise seem beyond all doubt.

Calderon never rises superior to the aspirations of the people among whom he lived. If it was half hinted during the latter period of his life that Spain was not the dominant country she used to be, and that foreign nations were beginning to treat without her, the Spaniard would wrap himself up in his peninsular pride and reply, "we don't care for the foreigner," that is our Spanish mode of conducting affairs. The cause for this is not far to seek. When Spain was inhabited by several millions of Arabs the political division was a very abrupt one, even after the last Moorish king was dethroned and the government of Spain became entirely homogeneous under Ferdinand and Isabella, the traces of the long conflict between the two races for supremacy left many evil influences. Whilst the conflict was raging for centuries it was not asked of a Spaniard how he conducted himself socially or morally, but simply whether he had fought against the Moor, the finer gradations of character were entirely obliterated in the one great common object. Unlike the Mahomedan Turk, who is not amenable to civilising instincts and averse to all learning, and whose sole delight is war, the Hispano Arabs had made considerable strides in culture, the very terms that have come to us from them, namely, alchemy, algebra, zenith, nadir, our numerical symbols, known as the Arabic numerals, show that they cultivated science, whilst the beautiful remains of the Alhambra abundantly testify that their constructive art was of a high order. Our modern paper made of rags is an Hispano Arabic invention. Their Schools of Medicine and Universities in Granada and Cordova were filled with students of all creeds, so that intellectually at one period in Spain, there was little to choose between the Iberian and Arab. Ethnologically speaking, although the Biscayan Spaniard

is Celtic, and some of the northern provinces are tinged with the Gothic element, there is a vast substratum of the early Phœnician race which at one time covered the entire peninsula, and this blood forms no inconsiderable portion of that which flows in his veins. The Romans left the impress of their language much more than that of their race; the lingering fondness for the bull-fight, so often attributed to the Roman arena, in reality was a Phœnician, Syrian, and Carthaginian pastime rather than Roman; the great festivals in honour of the Phœnician deity, Bel or Baal, were always accompanied by combats with, and slaughtering of bulls. That the Arab is able to live and prosper side by side with European civilization is proved in Algiers, where the native is happier and more prosperous than ever he was under the rule of his native chiefs. In Malta the native population is decidedly Arab, though not Mahomedan; and the Maltese when they emigrate, proceed rather to Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco than to Italy. Spain, however, at the close of the fifteenth century endeavoured to accomplish that which is generally fatal to all nations—instead of seeking union she sought *uniformity*, and in attempting this she crushed out all individuality of character. Nature is full of union and harmony, yet there is little uniformity; there are no two faces absolutely alike, no two trees identically resembling one another, no two grains of sand nor two atoms that are positively the counterpart of each other. When communities wish to effect that which nature never intended to effect, namely, uniformity rather than union under given laws, it is not difficult to foresee that failure will be the result. Cardinal Ximenes, the great Prime Minister of Ferdinand and Isabella, attempted to accomplish for Spain that which has proved to be a political impossibility. His great aim was to admit no discordant elements in the Spanish empire, and to reduce all thought to a dead level of

oneness. If this object were at all attainable Ximenes was the very man to have successfully accomplished it. He was of unimpeachable moral character, utterly incorruptible, who gave his own fortune to the state rather than receive any reward. His learning was of the most profound character, and he was in his youth an intellectual gladiator in the University of Salamanca. It was by his encouragement that the New World was opened up to Europe, and his long life and experience in diplomacy gave him a commanding position in the council of nations, whilst an herculean physique enabled him to perform unwearied laborious offices of State without any symptom of fatigue. When above threescore and ten he would travel hither and thither in Spain, seeing that his orders were carried out, rather than rely upon the reports of his commissioners. The nobility of Spain had until his period enjoyed considerable privileges, and occasionally manifested a sympathy with the Albigenes and Lutherans, and rather a restive spirit against the power of the Church. The great mass of the people on the other hand, were unflinching advocates of the supremacy of the Church. Whilst the nobles were prepared to effect a compromise with heretics and Moors, allowing a toleration of their belief or unbelief providing they worked for the common national welfare, the masses were uncompromising in demanding their expulsion, and as the clergy were to a great extent recruited from the rank and file of the population, the interests of the two classes were coincident. The majority of the Moors, of whom there were about three millions, were patient tillers of the soil, were contented and easily governed, drank no wine, were a reliable and steady peasantry, and as such were valuable on the estates of the Spanish grandees. The Jews and heretical nonconformists were the most successful merchants, who, by dint of finding good markets for the produce of the soil, and by the importation of manufactures

from distant lands, both benefited the country and enriched themselves. The great masses of the Spanish populace, however, only saw hated rivals, who if ejected would make room for themselves. Cardinal Ximenes chose to ally himself with the popular element, and was therefore revered with an almost enthusiastic idolatry by the people. He broke the neck of the patrician element by the expulsion of all Moors, Jews and heretics, thus the landowners found themselves at once deprived of their peasantry, and of the merchants who disposed of their produce to good advantage. He favoured the Inquisition, which was originally rather a political than a clerical engine; it was an organisation formed throughout the length and breadth of Spain, the Low Countries, and all her colonial possessions, and no one could obtain office under the State in any capacity whatsoever, whether municipal or imperial, unless he bore the official recommendation of the Inquisition.

This was Cardinal Ximenes' master-stroke of policy. All independence of thought or action was crushed out of existence, and the result was a stereotyped code of morals and national thought from which no one dared to swerve one hair's breath under fear of the penalty which the Inquisition meted out to the refractory.

Thus we see why Calderon inherited a stilted and artificial poetic style, instead of the rugged beauty and natural freshness which breathes life into every one of Shakespeare's creations. Goethe observes that Shakespeare's Roman characters were all Englishmen, but why should they not be? for, adds the great German critic, are not Englishmen hereditary freeborn men with instincts of true national and individual liberty, and what else, asks he, were Romans in their palmiest days of civic greatness?

Spain never recovered from the policy of her great Cardinal Ximenes. For a time all seemed roseate, and the

confiscation of so many estates, and the acquisition of lands at nominal prices by the people, gave them a false prosperity for a brief period, very much like an individual whose house has been destroyed by fire, and who, having acquired the proceeds in cash from the insurance office, goes on spending in extravagance the money he has suddenly acquired without thinking of reconstructing the destroyed edifice. He eventually finds in time that he has dissipated his capital, and has nothing left to replace the lost house. So it was with the Spanish peasantry, whose constant craving was to possess the land as their own instead of working for wages. When they obtained the confiscated estates of the nobles and ejected heretics at the hands of the government, through the instrumentality of the Inquisition, they found themselves ultimately in a greater state of poverty than before their wages ceased; they had no necessity to work for landlords, some of them vegetated on their lands in a state of idleness, others emigrated to the New World, where they could force the natives to work for them, and thus re-enacted, though in a much harsher and more cruel form, the very system from which they implored Ximenes to relieve them at home. The most fertile and productive estates in Spain were utterly ruined and neglected, and whole provinces for nearly two centuries were left almost without inhabitants. Well would it have been for Spain had her great leader Ximenes possessed some egregious failings, he might then have encountered national opposition; his failings were at worst errors of judgment, all his intentions were formed from the best of motives; but, notwithstanding he sowed the seeds of national decay, yet in consequence of his undoubted piety, his erudition, his abnegation of self, his unflinching advocacy of the popular cause as opposed to aristocratic privileges, all these gave a sort of sanctity to his political ruling—to dare to oppose which during his lifetime was deemed an absurdity.

Yet facts are stubborn things; and whilst Ximenes' policy outlived him for more than two centuries, there never arose an individual among his successors above whom Ximenes did not tower head and shoulders.

The century of Calderon had inherited some of the glories of Spanish greatness. Archbishop Trench observes on the Spanish national decay, "It was well at least for her poets and her painters that for them it was still possible to hide this from their eyes. A very little later, when the symptoms of her rapid decay became more numerous, and also more evident, so that even these could not have missed them, it would have been impossible for a great poet to have arisen in Spain. For a great poet, without a great country, without a people to be proud of, and which he feels shall in return be proud of him, without this action and reaction, never has been and never can be. Elegant and even spirited lyrics, graceful idyls, comedies of social life, with all the small underwood of poetry, can very well exist, as they often have existed, and even thriven, where there is little or no national life or feeling; but the grander or sublimer forms of poetry, epos and tragedies, and the loftier lyrics, can grow out of, and nourish themselves from, no other soil than that which a vigorous national life supplies. Had Shakespeare's prophetic eye already caught a glimpse of this when he speaks of one as coming:—

"From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate."

Lowell, the American writer, and at present ambassador to this country, has the following lines on Calderon, with which I conclude:—

O music of all moods and climes
Vengeful, forgiving, sensuous, saintly,
Where still between the Christian chimes
The Moorish cymbal tinkles faintly.

O life borne lightly in the hand
For friend or foe with grace Castilian,
O valley safe in Fancy's land,
Not tramped to mud yet by the million.

Bird of to day, thy songs are stale
To his, my singer of all weathers,
My Calderon, my nightingale,
My Arab soul, in Spanish feathers.

NOTES ON TWO PAPYRI AT BOULAK.

THE discussion which followed the admirable paper of the Rev. Fletcher Williams, at our last meeting, suggested the following reflections upon two papyri preserved in the Khedivial Museum at Boulak, near Cairo, and translated into French by Professor Maspero. The learned curator is the successor of Mariette Bey, and one of the most eminent living Egyptologists. When I visited the museum, in the early part of last year, I had the privilege of a lengthened interview with this distinguished *savant*, who indicated some of the priceless treasures which have been placed under his charge.

It occurred to me that the drift of the discussion, after the paper on Socrates, tended to the assumption that the Socratean and Platonic school of ethics was the first that gave a clear and unmistakeable expression to the theory of an after life. The Egyptians' claims, though tinged with anthropomorphism, seemed to have been singularly overlooked. Now, we have the record of a remarkable document, found in an almost perfect state of preservation. It is a "Scroll of the Dead," found in the sarcophagus of Senhotpou, an Egyptian of high social position, living during the period of the XX dynasty. It is, perhaps, unique of its kind. The scroll contains 125 chapters, minutely detailing every incident in the life of the interred. No similar relic, of so remote a period in Egyptian history, has ever been forthcoming. Of course, there have been inscriptions and monuments found and deciphered, of a still earlier period, but

nothing so voluminous and so complete as this scroll. It was found in the district of Sheikh Abd el Gournah. Now the period of the XX dynasty is all the more interesting as it represents a cycle of the greatest obscurity in Egyptian history, and Manetho, the Egyptian priest, who writes some thousand years later, confesses that little is known of that period. It is even difficult to fix the exact corresponding date, except by analogous history. We know that one of the twenty-second dynasty was Shishak, who gave Jeroboam refuge during the reign of King Solomon. We know that the principal Egyptologists place the exodus under Rameses, who was of the eighteenth dynasty. We could thus venture to fix the date of this scroll of papyrus at about contemporary with Joshua, or the early Judges. According to Egyptian custom, all persons after death had to submit to the judgment of a tribunal, who decreed oblivion or immortality. The wealthy and governing classes had their records carefully written for them; this was placed in their sarcophagus. According to Professor Maspero, "Le livre des morts est donc une sorte de Guide que tout Egyptien devait avoir avec lui pour voyager en sûreté dans l'autre monde. Aussi on mettait un des exemplaires plus ou moins complets sur toutes les momies de bonne famille."

It seems that, for the lower and ignorant castes, and the poor, there was a kind of fixed liturgy, which it was the duty of the living to commit to memory, for repetition in the next world by the deceased, and this liturgy was recited by the next of kin, or best friend, before a tribunal, who gave their final verdict according to the evidence and cross-examination, rather than the *ipsissima verba* of the liturgy, which appears to have been a perfunctory proceeding so far as the humbler classes were concerned.

Chapter cxxv in this scroll brings the defunct up to the period of his final judgment, and commences with a pictorial

illustration of Osiris seated upon a throne. Behind him is depicted the infernal jury, charged with the deliberation of the act of justice to be decided upon. A pair of scales is placed in the foreground; in the one is contained the heart of the deceased, and in the other his effigy. A twin representation of "Truth" introduces the departed, and assists at the weighing, whilst the deity Hor flits at the head of the beam, mercifully inclining it somewhat to the favourable side. The deity Tot is depicted writing the result, and proclaiming judgment. The deceased then proceeds to plead for himself in the following words:—

Homage to ye, Lords of Truth. Homage to thee, great God—Lord of "all Truth." I come to bring "Truth" before ye, and before ye I destroy all falsehood.

I have never defrauded any human being.

I have never grieved the widow.

I have never lied in a court of Justice.

Falsehood has ever been a stranger to me.

I have endeavoured to do nothing forbidden.

I have not imposed upon a clerk of the works more daily or periodical labour than I contracted with him.

I have never been negligent.

I have never been lazy.

I have never weakened my natural forces.

I have never been bankrupt.

I have never depreciated a slave before his master.

I have allowed no one to hunger.

I have caused no one to shed tears.

I have never killed.

Nor have I ever caused murder to be committed treasonably.

I have never participated in fraudulent gains.

I have never altered a measure.

I have never taken an inch from a yard measure.

I have never encroached upon a neighbouring field.

I have never disturbed the equilibrium of scales.

I have never attempted to gain by false weights.

I have never taken away the milk from the mouth of those who suck.

Here follows the expression, thrice repeated :—

“I am pure”—“I am pure”—“I am pure.”

Further on, the deceased repeats, in an affirmative manner, the negative confession he has previously uttered—thus :—

Deliver me from Tryphon, who feeds on entrails. O ye magistrates in this day of supreme judgment—permit the defunct to come to you, he who has never sinned, who has never lied, never done evil, never committed a crime, never rendered false witness, never inflicted any wrong to his own body, but lived by righteousness. He has sown everywhere the seeds of gladness. All his actions were such that men spoke of it, and the gods rejoiced at it. He has reconciled God unto himself by his love for him. He has given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, raiment to the naked.

He has given a bark to the shipwrecked who were stopped in their voyage. He has offered sacrifices to the gods, and funeral repasts for the defunct. Deliver him from himself. Protect him from himself. Do not speak against him before the Lord of the dead, for his mouth is pure, and his two hands are pure.

The verdict of the tribunal is likewise appended. The soul is acquitted, and for complete purification is transferred to four cynocephali, who are to be plunged into a basin of fire. The soul would then, refined from every scintilla of impurity, go to the realms of endless bliss.

It is a pity we have no record left of the verdict of an Egyptian tribunal upon one of the humbler castes, or of those who may not have been wealthy or occupied so high a social position. The ethics of so remote a period in Egyptian history are dimly foreshadowed in this document, which I hope to elaborate in a future paper. We see that, in the constitution of the early society in the land of the Nile, a period of rest from labour, for the workman, was also a part of their social system.

Another valuable papyrus, which Professor Maspero describes as “l'un des plus curieux que l'on connaisse,” is

unfortunately in a very dilapidated condition, as is the case with almost every example that has yet been found of the remote periods. With the exception of the former scroll, not a single one has ever been handed to us in anything like a moderately preserved state. The commencement of this document is altogether missing, and as the first few rolls were unfolded, the papyrus broke into tiny shreds. What is left of it has been carefully deciphered. It is of the early XXII dynasty, a period coincident with the latter days of Saul, or early Davidic kingdom. It is a treatise on morals, in the form of a dialogue between a learned scribe, Ani, and his son, Khonshotpou. Here and there a paragraph is legible, and seems to indicate practical precepts for conduct through life. Here is one :—

Beware of the strange woman, who is not acknowledged in her own city. Do not run after women like unto her. Do not attempt to know her, for it is a deep sea in which no man finds his way out. The woman who separates herself from her husband sends thee written messages every day. If no witnesses are there, she comes herself to seduce thee into her net. If the world gets to know of this, it will be a fatal crime for thee, even if she has not succeeded in reality. For men commit all sorts of crime for such as these.

Here we find another legible extract :—

Do not get drunk in the public houses where they drink beer, for fear that people may repeat words uttered from thy lips, without having the knowledge that thou hast even spoken them. Thou wilt stumble, thy limbs will be broken, and no one will extend a hand to help thee; on the contrary, thy companions in drink (or boon companions) who are there, will even say, "Turn the Drunkard out." They will send from home to look for thee concerning thy business, but they will find thee crawling on the ground like a little baby.

In another portion, we read :—

I, Ani, have given thee thy mother, but she, whilst she bore thee, as she did bear thee, had with thee a most painful load, of which she

did not even complain to me After thy birth she gave thee suck for three years, and as thou didst grow, although thy swaddling clothes were sullied, she never turned from thee with disgust, nor asked thee, Why doest thou thus?

When thou hadst been placed in school, and though thou wert instructed in letters, she went perpetually to and fro to the house of thy instructor; every day she brought thee bread and beer from her house. Now thou art grown to man's estate, and hast taken thee a wife, thou hast mounted thyself into an apartment. Have always an eye upon the wearisome times which accompanied thy birth, so that all thine actions may be regulated by the example of thy mother, and what she did for thee, so that she may never have to reproach thee, that she lift not her hands towards God—for verily God will hearken to her prayers.

There are some fairly well preserved pages, indicating how one should regulate their conduct towards their superiors, towards the dead, on friendship, etc., and Professor Maspero points out that in several places he finds Egyptian local sayings, maxims, or proverbs, identical with those in France. For instance, in this papyrus we find the following:—

Sans se presser pour arriver le bon marcheur arrive.

The man who walks well arrives without hurry.

And again:—

Le bœuf qui marche en tete du troupeau et qui mène les autres aux champs, n'est lui même qu'un animal comme eux.

The bull that walks at the head of the herd, and leads the others to the field, is only a beast like the rest.

The papyrus at the end of the dialogue is fairly well preserved.

Konshotpon is described as replying to his father thus:—

Do not wearisomely repeat thy past favours towards me! I have heard enough of all thou hast done.

Ani responds :—

Here I see a true reflection of all those who have found out the strength of their arms. The suckling, who is in the arms of his mother, has no desire for any food but that which proceeds from the breast. The moment his tongue has found speech, it is only to say, "Bring me bread."

Professor Maspero expresses an opinion that until now we have only touched the fringe of our knowledge of Egyptian polity and ethics. He is now engaged in excavations in certain districts along the Nile which have been undisturbed for remote ages, and is sanguine that we shall eventually add very much to our limited knowledge of the theology, statecraft, and early civilisation of this interesting and historic country.

I hope at a future time to recur to the subject of Ancient Egypt, but I am of opinion that, in deductions from Palestinian and Hellenic ethics, too little stress is laid upon the copious draughts which both races have imbibed from Egyptian sources.

A saying is attributed to Prince Talleyrand, that the French have admirable laws, but observe them badly, whilst the English had defective laws but observed them admirably. I venture to think that the position in civilisation a community occupies is due less to its being in possession of high ideal ethics, than to how far these ethics are carried into practical life. For instance, the ethics of the Abyssinians are drawn from the same sources as our own, yet in their social status and general civilisation they have remained rather below that of their neighbours. The Copts in Egypt are neither as temperate nor as frugal as the Arab fellaheen, and the descendants of European colonists in the East, known as Levantines, who are superstitiously attached to the outward forms and ceremonies of the Church, would not be held as exemplary specimens of the higher followers of

Western ethical culture, whilst the Bulgarians and Servians, who have only just emerged into emancipation from the depressing sway of centuries of contumely, into the light and freedom of the highest ethical ideals, fly at each others' throats, hardly better than two rival tribes of Red Indians.

Climate, I further venture to think, has a powerful influence in the tendency of the social and moral habits of the people. One dare hardly venture to speculate as to whether the Scotch or Dutch people would have developed the remarkable energy and the great mental vigour they undoubtedly possess, had it been their destiny to be located, say, in Tripoli, or in the upper districts of the Nile.

That the Mizraim of old had a large measure of civilisation and ethical culture among the higher castes, is proved beyond a doubt. The exiled shepherds, who were divinely emancipated from Egypt, seem to have reversed the Mizraimic policy, and made the study of such ethics as they became possessed of, the property of the multitude, rather than the few, for in their records we constantly find the injunction, and "ye shall teach the law to your children," and that it should be read unto the people, and as their ethics gradually evolved by contact with other modes of thought, they were adopted by most civilised communities.

The present occupation of the ancient land of the Nile by Great Britain will eventually tend towards opening up, in the history and archæology of Egypt, much that has hitherto been a sealed book.

Whatever further discoveries may be in store, of one thing we may be certain—that Truth will never suffer in the end by more light.

A REVIEW OF
PEASANT PROPRIETORSHIPS
IN OTHER LANDS.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED DECEMBER 12TH, 1887,
BY REQUEST OF THE POLITICAL COMMITTEE,
AT THE CONSERVATIVE CLUB, LIVERPOOL.

BY

B. L. BENAS, J.P.

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—
1888.

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THE several phases in the development of living beings which Darwin describes as evolution, survival of the fittest and natural selection, seem to have their counterpart in the political organism of human society. Man, a gregarious animal, combines with his species and forms families or clusters of human beings. In its first and incipient stage this is the tribal form of society. Then arise factious struggles between various tribes until those that are weak succumb, and those best fitted to survive assert themselves. We, step by step, arrive at natural selection whereby nations are formed, and those tribes most fitted for companionship, by a sort of selection, group themselves into larger families, and a nation is the result. Thus the decline of the Feudal System in Europe, slowly but surely, tended to the creation of great groups forming great nations.

Feudalism picked up the shattered fragments of the Old Roman Empire, and rendered a certain service to civilization by bridging over the middle ages, until a new form of society was evolved, which is now perceptibly developing into democracy. A democracy we may hope to endeavour, according to our lights, to bring into harmony with the best traditions of the past. Whether

this form of society in its turn is to be disturbed by new Socialistic theories is not for us to speculate, we are dealing with the present, and may allow the remote future to take care of itself.

Out of England, European society in modern times owes much to the Hanse towns, and the rich Flemish corporations of the middle ages. These Burghers by their keen foresight, their enterprise, their thrift and industry, accumulated wealth and acquired property; so much so that Sir Thomas Gresham, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was glad to borrow money from the merchants of Antwerp, at 8 per cent. interest; hence these municipalities were potent allies in the preservation of the rights of property, and were the foremost advocates of law and order, coupled with municipal liberty.

So long as feudalism was rampant, war and bloodshed was the normal condition of relations between puny Baronies and little village communities. Most of these struggles are lost to history and buried in oblivion, but this continued strife tended considerably to diminish population. With the gradual development of larger States, petty warfare became less frequent, and such incidents as the thirty years' war and the seven years' war, carried on as they were by professional soldiers, were in the aggregate much less destructive to human life than those incessant raids of Border Knights and Princelets, whereby a constant drain of human life was the result, resembling very much the scarcely felt, but continuous rainfall which moistens more than does the violent shower. When we see it recorded in Holy Scripture how Joshua warred with thirty-one independent Kings, and likewise of their wars with one another, and when we take into consideration that the area of Palestine,

which contained the whole of these thirty-one kingdoms, was not greater in extent than the principality of Wales, we can readily imagine what the unrecorded conflicts of early Europe resembled.

The gradual absorption of puny potentates under the suzerainty of greater sovereigns however tended in one direction, population in Europe steadily increased, whilst the soil which brought forth the supplies remained always a fixed quantity, this generated the commencement of what we term agrarian difficulties.—The ground supplying the food remaining stationary, whilst the mouths requiring to be fed being ever on the increase.

Happily for civilization when human life becomes more secure, and strife and discord are reduced to narrower limits, and the arts and sciences begin to be cradled into existence, thus the properties of the magnetic needle became known, and the discovery of a new world by Columbus gave, as it were, a temporary safety valve to an overburdened peasantry in Europe. The art of printing was ushered into existence, and the use of gunpowder in warfare levelled all distinction between the cavalier and the mere thrall, so far as immunity from personal danger was concerned. Until then the mail-clad knight had advantages in the battle field which the rank and file were not possessed of, thus, paradoxical as it may seem, the invention of this destructive explosive, also added its quota to lessening in some degree the destruction of life, inasmuch as hand-to-hand conflicts, did not then, as formerly, so often decide the issue of a campaign.

So long as the tiller of the soil was intellectually little better informed than the flocks and herds he tended, and knew nothing of the world beyond his native village, he was content to believe when famine or pestilence

ravaged the land that it was his duty to suffer, he prayed to his Saint for protection, but never thought of human means to relieve himself of one or the other. It was only when through the invention of printing that bibles and books were placed within the reach of even the humblest, that crass ignorance gave way to intelligence, both in the landowner and his peasant, and they both began to understand that it was not the cleric alone that had the monopoly of book learning, and by this means everybody in turn was gradually levelled up. When at last the illiterate serf developed into a reading man, even Russia began to find that the peasant had to be reckoned with, and thus civilized society had in various parts of Europe to contend with a land question.

The latter day schools of political economists have endeavoured to come to our rescue in attempting to solve social economical problems, but political economy cannot be counted a perfect science. If human beings were automaton given laws would yield certain results, but as human nature enters into rivalry with political economy, humanity is largely influenced by sentiment. This is illustrated in some degree by the fondness with which the Esquimaux and Laplanders cling to an icebound region, where nothing but misery stares them in the face, whilst emigration to miles further south, where there is ample room for them, would enable them to live in comparative luxury and comfort, this shows that statesmen are unable to eliminate the element of sentiment from their calculations.

Fortunately for England we were for a long period the handicraftsmen and manufacturers to the principle communities of the old and the new world, hence the land question was not of primary importance in our social

economy. We gave our surplus population ample work at the loom, at the anvil, or they delved in our mines, so that the pursuit of agriculture became to us, not the chief calling, but one of many callings.

Now, however, another evolution seems to be looming in the near future.

We have educated all Europe in the use of those machines and modern inventions, of which at one time we were almost the monopolists. Our population is ever on the increase, and not only have we now rival manufacturers, who, to a great extent, produce their own fabrics, but our agricultural interests have to run counter with the produce of boundless domains in the United States, Canada, and India, where rents are either nominal or the owner is likewise the tiller of the soil, hence, therefore, the land question is one that is daily coming more and more to the fore. Whilst at one time we were consoled by the idea that beyond the sister isle we were not likely to have this problem ever vividly brought before us—but—the low rumblings of the Crofters in the Highlands, the Welsh tithe agitation, and nearer home the “three acres and the celebrated cow,” make us alive to the fact that we shall, ere long, have to face questions which we may venture to hope “*sine irae et studio*” will engage the serious attention of those who have at heart the best interests of this great realm.

Those who wish to face this question with modest aspirations can but make the confession, that it is improbable that a rough and ready remedy, and an immediate solution for difficulties which have, so to say, grown upon us, can be found. Perhaps—in the end—they may be solved by that great spirit of compromise which has always proved the political salvation of this empire

and it may not be unwise to see whether analogous difficulties have not been confronted elsewhere in other countries. We may study how they have grappled with these questions, and we may decide for ourselves whether the solution attained there, is one for us to avoid or to imitate, or whether it may not be possible to improve upon the proceedings of other countries, perhaps more in attune with our national idiosyncrasies.

Throughout France, Belgium, all Germany, and a large portion of Austria, and now tentatively in Poland and Russia, the land which was formerly held either by the Crown or the aristocracy, has, or is being gradually transformed into peasant proprietorships or holdings, in which the owners are for the most part the tillers of the soil. I shall now trouble you with a few statistics showing you to what extent the land in some of the Countries I have enumerated have been subdivided.

FRANCE.—Population about 36,000,000. 18,200,000 engaged in Agric.; 9,324,000 in Manuf.; 3,843,000 in Commerce. Land divided with 5,550,000 distinct properties, of this total the properties averaging 600 acres numbered 50,000; and those averaging 60 acres, 500,000; whilst there were 5 millions of properties under 6 acres. Area, 208,865 English miles.

PRUSSIA.—Area, 137,066 miles. Population, 27,279,000; 12,000,000 engaged in Agric.; 5,000,000 landed proprietors. Survey in 1858 showed 1,099,000 landowners, possessing less than 5 morgen, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres.

BAVARIA.—Area, 29,292 miles, rather less than Ireland. The soil is divided among 947,000 proprietors. Emigration in ten years, from 1870 to 1880, 54,463. Population 5,284,778.

BELGIUM.—11,373 square miles. 485 to the square mile. $\frac{1}{3}$ the area of Ireland. Population 5,519,844. $\frac{1}{3}$ engaged in agriculture. 1,181,177 freehold proprietors. 21 per cent. of the population.

ENGLAND & WALES.—Area, 58,311 square miles, or 37,319,221 acres. Census 1881, 25,968,286, or 445 to the square mile.

Number of owners below an acre ... 703,289

Above an acre ... 269,547

Total owners ... 972,836

SCOTLAND.—29,819 square miles. Census 1881, population 3,735,573.

Of a total area of 19,496,132 acres.

Only 5,335,100 „, cultivated.

Owners below an acre ... 113,005

„ above an acre ... 19,225

Total owners ... 132,230

IRELAND.—Area, 35,531 square miles, or 20,819,982 acres. Population, census 1881, 5,174,836. 160 to square mile.

Proprietors below an acre ... 36,114

Above 1 acre ... 32,614

Total owners about 68,728

The number of separate holdings in Ireland in 1881 was 499,109. The number of holdings above 1 and not exceeding 5 acres in Ireland, diminished 10 per cent. between 1841 and 1881, and the total number of holdings above 1 acre diminished from 691,202 in 1841, to 472,230 in 1881, showing a decrease of 31·5 per cent.

EMPLOYED IN TEXTILE FACTORIES, 1874.

England and Wales ... 783,022

Scotland ... 154,919

Ireland ... 67,744

Now this is a feature worthy of note, that whilst towards the latter part of the last century, the peasantry, especially in France, were the most turbulent and inflammable portion of the population ever ready to listen to agitators and political demagogues, they are now throughout the countries just enumerated the very back bone of conservative influences, against whom the seductions of quasi reformers are practised in vain.

In fact the peasantry of France in that volatile and ever troubled country, are the one class that can be relied upon to steadily support religion, law, and order.

In Germany and Austria, until the early part of the century, the peasantry in their attitude towards the governing element were divided into two distinct groups. In North Germany until the war of liberation against Napoleon's Empire, in 1814, the peasantry were little better than mere serfs, such a thing as patriotism was until then unknown to them. It was a sullen animal existence, and to the tiller of the soil in Pommerania, Brandenburg, or Silesia, when the French, under Napoleon, overran and conquered the country, they merely looked upon the event as a change of masters ; having no interests of their own to defend, they for a long time lifted no hand to relieve themselves from the French invader.

The South German peasantry were always more turbulent, they were constantly chafing and discontented, and many of the scenes now witnessed across the Irish Channel were enacted in Suabia and Franconia, and at other periods in Saxony and Thuringia. About the middle of the 16th century violent outbreaks took place which culminated in what was termed the Bauernkrieg or Peasants' War.

The tillers of the soil in Alsace, then a German province, revolted, and in 1513 those of Wurtemberg as well. John Boehme, a popular leader, declared that the Virgin had announced that complete liberty and equality were now to be introduced among mankind, and that the earth was to be declared equally free for the use of all. We see even at that period a sort of Henry George was in existence, with an early edition of "Progress and Poverty." John Boehme collected 40,000 militant followers

around him, but the Roman Catholic Bishop of Wurzburg, Lord of the manor, Sovereign and feudal prince of the district, had neither parliament nor parliamentary opposition, to deal with, hence the Bishop had the courage to appear in arms against Boehme, arrested and immured him in the Citadel of Warzburg. His infuriated followers attacked the citadel and attempted a rescue, His Lordship the Bishop, however, marched his armed retainers against the insurgent peasantry, they were utterly routed, and Boehme with several others were executed by this redoubtable Catholic prelate. However, in 1825 the peasants rose again, and sent twelve articles of complaint to Wurzburg, in which they maintained the justice of their cause. Their principle points were these :—

- 1.—They wanted to elect their own curates.
- 2.—That the tithes should be appropriated solely to the maintenance of their curates.
- 3.—That feudal services should be abolished, that is to say that landlords should not have the right to take a peasant and compel him to work on the squires' estate without pay or reward.
- 4.—That hunting and fishing should no longer be the exclusive privilege of princes and nobles.
- 5.—That the peasantry should have it fixed by law that a certain number of days to be agreed upon they should have the privilege to work for themselves, besides several other lesser demands.

The Bishop gave a qualified assent to these propositions, but the peasantry not believing the sincerity of the Bishop's intentions again took up arms, they marched against Wurzburg, drove the Bishop to Heidelberg, and burned and ravaged the property of the nobles in the

whole districts; they were eventually defeated, and in the end utterly routed at Königshofen and Salzdorf. 9,000 peasants were killed or taken prisoners, and many afterwards were put to death. Würzburg was recaptured by the Bishop, he entered in state with full ecclesiastical pomp, June 8th, 1525. It is calculated that before this disastrous rising was suppressed, not less than 50,000 peasants lost their lives.

As is usual with subversive and anarchical ideas, they, as a rule, extend to beyond even the scope and aim of the original propagandists, for once the passions of an unthinking multitude are roused into action, like the Frankenstein, the monster raised becomes more powerful than his master. So the ideas of John Boehme were carried to more extravagant excesses by Thomas Munzer, for whilst John was satisfied with a revelation from the Virgin, that henceforward all property was to be held in common, Thomas Munzer had a wider revelation which was that henceforward man had no proprietary right or vested interest in their wives, but that connubial felicity should also become common property. One would hardly credit it that these wild and absurd theories had a numerous following, until George, Duke of Saxony, Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, and Henry, Duke of Brunswick, were determined to hold no parley with this pernicious nonsense, they sent a well equipped force and again routed this new combination. The insurgents lost 7,000 in killed alone, besides a mass of wounded; the ring-leader and 24 of his chief supporters were captured and executed at Mühlhausen, in 1525.

I bring these historical incidents forward to show that from time to time civilized communities have had to grapple with social diseases, and forces of discontent com-

bined, and that it was not always the secular arm that *wielded coercion the fiercest*. Yet agitation and revolt did not in the end bring about freedom and emancipation for the German peasant, nor did it give him what he now holds, the fee simple of the ground which he tills.

It was the result of long years of patience, until from a combination of circumstances, mutual toleration and mutual forbearance solved the question, and it is this great principle which will perhaps help us to find the solution of more immediate and later difficulties.

Now I wish you particularly to observe that the violent method of the French system of free-holding their peasantry is a lesson for us to avoid—whilst the mode by which a peaceful revolution took place in Germany, without injury to the interests of the landlords, for the ultimate happiness of the German peasantry, and profit to the landlords, is one upon which we may reflect, and see whether we may not learn a lesson from our Teutonic kinsmen. I shall later on proceed to illustrate the method they adopted.

I wish you meantime to remark an important phase connected with Rhenish Prussia, and those portions of Germany which were included in the dominion known in the early part of this century as the Confederation of the Rhine which owned the Suzerainty of Napoleon I. For a long time after their release from French tutelage they cherished ardent Gallic sympathies, and it must be admitted that France gave them a large measure of equality before the law, even though they were deprived of political liberties, and that France abolished all immunities formerly possessed by the Rhineland nobility; just as in Alsace in a former century, Louis the XIV gave the Alsatians privileges which he denied to French-

men proper, which speedily tended to denationalise them, and although German speaking, were profuse in their attachment to France. So in Rhineland, until very recently, they continued to use the code Napoleon with such pertinacity, that Prussia, strong as she was, could not venture to take it from them; moreover they were inclined to France and repelled from Prussia for a long time by religious instincts. From Cologne to Mayence the vast bulk of the population were intensely Catholic, and in active sympathy with the French clergy and religious orders. They were on the other hand chilled from Berlin and its Lutheran tendencies. The North German whose lot it was in the early part of the century to live in the Rhineland districts, found that the only thing he had in common with the people among whom he dwelt was a kindred language, but socially and religiously he lived as it were in an unsympathetic country.

How is it that all this changed in about fifty years? How is it that Rhineland is now the most intensely loyal portion of the German dominions? How is it to day that the Rhinelander has voluntarily thrown off the Code Napoleon, and cheerfully adopts the common law of the United German Empire? How is it that the Imperial parliament of Germany is the assembly which they now loyally acknowledge, and whilst the other German States retain their local landtags, at the same time sending deputies to the Imperial parliament in Berlin, the Rhinelanders are content with Imperial legislation, and have no more desire of Home Rule for Rhineland than Scotland has for a local parliament in Edinburgh? We can only venture to reply that the wise and beneficent working of the Land Laws in the Rhineland removed

the last real causes of grievance, and the Separists found their occupation gone for ever.

Reverting to the mode of procedure whereby the peasantry obtained their freeholds.—

I shall not dwell long upon the French method, it was utterly bad and indefensible, the landowner was simply robbed by the State of his holding, his lands were for the most part confiscated, and he was sent to beg his bread in foreign lands. The French peasantry bought the lands cheaply enough from the French revolutionary government of the pre-Napoleon period by instalments, the proceeds going to fill the coffers of the treasury, and were used for the most part for current expenses. To the credit of the first Napoleon be it said that he withdrew the sequestration upon many of the unsold estates, and in many instances restored them to the original landowners. Some compensation was subsequently given by Louis XVIII on his restoration to the French throne to the despoiled landlords, in the shape of money grants. The injury inflicted, however, upon the social system of France by the forcible ejection of so many of the ancient and respectable country gentlemen is not healed to this day. Society there has been unhinged, and it will require several generations of political education to restore that sober love of law and order which distinguishes the Frenchman of Canada from the Frenchman of France, the former, having escaped the Revolutionary period, preserve a continuity of many good qualities which have been diluted in the newer generations of the mother country.

Now I have dwelt upon the political contentment of the French peasant proprietor, nor do I withdraw a single assertion, yet it must be admitted frankly that

whilst rendering them politically satisfied, peasant proprietorship has inflicted a serious economical injury to the progress of population in France, they marry late in life, hence, have few or no progeny at all. The temptation for so doing is not to sub-divide the holdings into so infinitesimal an area, that the land could produce no living to the tiller of the soil. The Germans avoid this evil by emigration, and by not altogether relying upon their farms for their living, but side by side with a patch of ground, the peasant invariably follows some handicraft, or works in a factory, leaving his wife and children to look after a portion of the tillage. The French do not seem to be able to combine the characteristics of both artisan and farm labourer.

I now propose to enter upon the method adopted by the Conservative Statesmen of Prussia in their attempt to regenerate their country after the utter collapse and disastrous defeats which they endured in 1806, under Napoleon I., following the battle of Jena.

The limits of a paper prevent my doing justice to the genius, the perseverance, and the consummate statesmanship of Prussia's great finance minister Baron v. Stein, to whom, perhaps, as much as to any other is due the secure foundations upon which the present German Empire is built. A country gentleman with small patrimony, born towards the latter part of last century, he found his country humiliated by foreign conquests, the conservative portion of the people disheartened, the great masses of the agricultural population indifferent, and a very small but noisy fraction of wild anarchists endeavouring to leaven the masses with their revolutionary creed. He had made up his mind that if Germany was to be saved—it must be by her conservative leaders, and upon downright honest and legal lines. It is only fair to admit that

Baron Stein had no parliament, parliamentary opposition, nor a critical press to deal with. Prussia being at that period an absolute monarchy.

I recommend you to read the *Life and Times of Baron Stein*, by Professor Seely; in vol. 1, cap. 5, page 463, the author remarks—

“For throughout this narrative of Stein’s ministry the reader must bear in mind that the changes we describe, though vast and memorable, were accomplished in silence, almost in secrecy, amid a people ignorant of everything beyond the actual ordinances that were published, for the most part completely indifferent to what they knew, and accustomed if any enactment drew their attention to attribute it to the king rather than to the minister.—Stein had few means of taking the people into his confidence. He defended his measures in no parliaments, at no public meetings, he published no letters to constituents, no pamphlets. Those who had opportunities of conversing with him, knew what he aimed at; a few officials knew, the official class generally had an impression, but the public at large neither knew until it was announced to the world by Napoleon’s edict of proscription, nor for the most part cared. The excitement which Stein’s acts caused was confined to a very small circle, and to the people at large his name perhaps almost unknown.” Thus far the professor.

Now Stein’s statemanship was not only crowned with complete success, but all his details worked with the regularity of a well oiled machine and encountered no friction during the whole process of the operation of his plans. The French Revolution, and subsequently Napoleon, had emancipated the Catholic peasants of German Rhineland, and had given them proprietary right to the soil,

partly by confiscation and in some degree by legislation. Stein set himself the task, however, of emancipating the Protestant peasants of North Germany, and give them likewise the freehold of their allotments. Stein would, however, accomplish it without revolution, without confiscation of the landlord's interests, making the incoming peasant feel the satisfaction that he had paid the former landowner in full, and enter into the dignity of honest possession.

Now how did this Prussian statesman set about to effect this :

1.—In the first place Baron Stein obtained authority from King Frederick William III. to appoint a series of Commissioners taken in fair proportions from the various sections of the agricultural interests, and after lengthened deliberation they arranged upon a fixed value of all the lands they surveyed.

2.—The price having been mutually adjusted between landowner and tenant, and this was no small task, though in the end it was accomplished, a series of boards were called into existence upon which reputable men of various classes were nominated by the sovereign.—These again resolved themselves into institutions, called "Hypotheken Bank," and these societies served as a conduit pipe between the landlord and the peasantry.

3.—It was enacted that all landowners must be prepared to sell a portion of their lands if the tenantry were willing to become purchasers (a proceeding similar to railway corporations with us that require land for railway purposes). The landlords always having the right reserved for them to retain their ancestral halls, parks, and a portion of estate, free from compulsory sale.

4.—If an estate, let us assume, worth a hundred thousand pounds, was arranged for sale to peasant pro-

prietors, the *modus operandi* was somewhat thus : there were modifications here and there, but the principle was almost invariably the same. The Hypotheken Bank prepared a hundred bonds of a thousand pounds each or lesser denominations, similar to our Liverpool Corporation Stock, or our Mersey Dock and Harbour Bonds, bearing coupons or dividend warrants for semi-annual payment of interest. The bonds being drawn up in legal form as an absolute mortgage upon the property in question. The incoming peasants became for the time being the leaseholder, not of the former landlord, but of the Hypotheken Bank, who arranged instalments payable over a series of years calculated to extinguish by means of sinking funds the whole of both capital and interest due to the former proprietors. In due course when the peasant had completed all his periodical instalments, his lease was transformed into a freehold of inheritance.

5.—As the instalments were gradually paid into the bank, the bonds issued to the landowners were drawn by ballot, and cancelled; and synchronising with the period of the peasant's last instalments, the proprietors received the full value of their lands, together with interest upon their capital.

6.—In case the peasant ceased paying his instalment or wished to emigrate, a surrender value was allowed him by a new incoming peasant proprietor who undertook to fill his position. The Hypotheken Bank, however, in every case re-entered possession of the land, as trustees, but under no circumstances was the former landlord allowed to do so, the bank always acting as his trustees.

7.—The Hypotheken Bank (similar to our Liverpool Dock Board) being a trust and not established for any profit or dividend, did, as a rule, act generously with those

peasants who ceased paying their instalments, or desired for purposes of their own, to relinquish their holdings. The bank invariably calculated a surrender value, and the new incoming peasant who undertook the place of the outgoing one, had to pay an accumulated rate, based on the original period when the bonds were issued.

8.—In times of famine, real agricultural distress, or during circumstances over which the peasant had no control, arrangements were made for deferred payment, always providing the lack of means to pay his instalments arose from no fault or want of honesty on the part of the peasant.

9.—Now it may be asked what security had the landlords? Did the state give these bonds a government guarantee, and if this was not the case, how could a landlord accept with security what at first sight might appear to be only so many pieces of waste paper? The fact was the state gave no guarantee, and the Prussian landowners asked for no guarantee.—What better security could the landowners have than a full and absolute mortgage upon the property, rendered more valuable every year by dint of instalments being paid on capital reduction account, whilst the full mortgage remained in force even though ninety per cent. of the capital had been already paid.

10.—When a landowner was in want of money he simply took his bonds to a banker, or stockbroker and obtained either an advance upon his bonds, or sold them out and out on the stock exchange. These institutions gladly afforded the bonds a quotation and in the event of a sale, the landlord's rights were transferred to the new purchaser. Practically a large number of these land bonds did come into the market.

11.—Owing to the confidence inspired to capitalists, by the punctual payment of the peasants' instalments, and the successful working of the various Hypotheken banks, the bonds very soon advanced to a premium. They were deemed excellent and safe investments for trustees, executors, and large public institutions.—It was not long before the church began to find that no better investment could be found for their surplus funds, and from that moment, punctual payment of peasants instalments, was a perennial text from the pulpits. So long as human nature is constituted as it is, the advocacy of professors of religion is a potent ally in the support of law and order, especially when this coincides with the material interest of the clergy, who we must be prepared to admit are generally opposed to revolution and anarchy. Land bonds were from time to time bequeathed as legacies to hospitals, schools, convents, and monasteries, always adding an element of strength to the securities.—

“Vires acquirit eundo.”

Peasants themselves later on in prosperous times accumulated money, and they bethought themselves that an investment in their own land bonds, would be more profitable than either allow money to lie idle, tied up in their stockings, or even than depositing sums with country bankers, who paid little or no interest upon deposits.

By means such as these, Prussia and eventually the whole of Germany, and later on Austria, accomplished a tranquil but no less potent though legal a revolution, as France effected with so much bloodshed, confusion, yet without that political unrest to which France, even to this moment is a prey. It is admitted on all hands that the creation of a peasantry proprietary has been a conservative success in the German Empire from first to last.

There are of course always circumstances in each country, which prevent us slavishly following a given method.—Social changes, to be successful, must be in conformity with the predispositions of the group of families or nations for whom they are to be adapted.—

Our illustrious and honoured chief, Lord Salisbury in his speech lately delivered at Oxford, observed, and they are words upon which to reflect, *worthy to be written in letters of gold* :—

“The Act of 1881 established this—that so long as landlord and tenant existed together there would be this conflict of their interests, that the object of the landlord would be by every legal means to get rid of his tenants, and the object of the tenants to conspire to prevent the landlord from exercising his legal rights. Your only way out of that difficulty is that the landlord and tenant should be united in the same person ; your only way out of that difficulty is a system of purchase, I do not say compulsory necessarily, but a system, at all events, of purchase by which this unfortunate duality and conflict of interests upon the matter where interests should by nature coincide may disappear. It is only in that way that you can restore the position, the social peace of Irish rural society ; and you may depend upon this—that the Irish question is a rural question, is an agrarian question.”

Great Britain, the cradle of European liberties, the mother of parliaments, the one land of all others to which mankind looks hopefully as the political compass, which despite the storm, hurricane, shifting rocks and sands of social convulsion elsewhere, has steadily pointed in the direction of true constitutional liberty, and to that unerring principle “of the greatest good for the greatest

number," is not yet shorn of her renowned instinctive political wisdom.

The utterances of our Chief and other prominent leaders prove to us that there are still statesmen and thinkers left who will work out the destinies of this great realm, by peaceful, loyal, and conservative means, and we cherish the hope that our descendants may receive the beloved heritage of a united, unbroken, undiminished and loyal empire. In the words of our immortal bard :—

Oh, England, model of thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural.

A NOTE ON THEORETICAL EDUCATION ON THE
CONTINENT: BEING A REFERENCE TO MR.
F. W. EDWARDS' PAPER ON THAT SUBJECT.

THE discussion which took place at our last meeting on the subject of Commercial Education, which was so ably treated by Mr. Edwards,* induces me to bring forward a short note on a system of training in France, in which I venture to think that even our neighbours across the channel admit our practical superiority—I allude to Political Education. After the Franco-German war, when Cæsarism and personal Government were temporarily out of favour with the French people, the leading Republicans thought to do for France what they so much admired in England, namely, that the people should learn to take an intelligent interest in practical politics and should understand the methods of self-government. They established in 1870 an institution called the *Ecole Libre des Etudes Politiques*, the object and syllabus of which I give you in a paragraph at foot.† Now after read-

* Mr. Edwards' Paper referred particularly to the admirable method of technical and commercial Education in France.

† *ECOLE LIBRE DES SCIENCES POLITIQUES, BUT DE L'ECOLE.*—Dans son ensemble, l'Enseignement de l'Ecole des Sciences politiques est le couronnement naturel de toute éducation libérale. Son programme embrasse des connaissances auxquelles aucun homme cultivé ne doit rester étranger.

A un point de vue spécial, l'Ecole des Sciences politiques se propose le même but que l'ancienne *Ecole de administration*. Chacune des grandes divisions de son enseignement constitue une préparation complète à l'une des carrières suivantes et aux examens ou aux concours qui on ouvrent l'entrée :

1. Diplomatie. (Ministère des Affaires étrangères. Légations. Consulats.) (1).
2. Conseil d'Etat. (Auditorat de 2e classe.)
3. Administration. (Administration centrale et départementale. Con-

ing the curriculum of this college one would imagine that the training of prospective public men in France is far more perfect than our own, and so it is in some respects. For in fact, what is the composition of our present House of Commons? The smallest minority consists of young men whose parents are possessed of ample means and who have been able to give their sons a University training and a life of physical and mental exercise with the direct object of serving the state. A majority, however, of the practical politicians of Great Britain, who have successfully served in several of the leading departments of state have graduated perhaps from the parish vestry; in some cases have derived their tuition in public life from a municipal council, and very many others have acquired their knowledge of organisation from congregational meetings of dissenting bodies. This is especially the case in the United States. The admirable constitution of the great Republic of the west was framed to a great extent by men who were accustomed to lay down the rules and regulations of Puritan conventicles, and there are few such statesmen-like documents left to posterity even by the most experienced and trained jurists or diplomatists. Both the English and Americans receive their political knowledge from the experience of life itself. The French on the other hand, seek to meet the exigencies of a throbbing and active civilisation by a fixed code of theoretical educa-

tentieux des ministères. Sous-préfectures. Secrétariats généraux de département. Conseils de préfecture.)

4. Inspection des Finances.

5. Cour des Comptes.

6. Service Colonial. (Administration centrale (2).—Directions de l'intérieur; administration des affaires indigènes; emplois dans les grandes compagnies industrielles et financières.)

D'autre part, le programme comprend des éléments d'instruction supérieure qui complètent utilement la préparation à certaines hautes positions commerciales. (Banques. Contentieux des grandes Compagnies. Inspection des chemins de fer, etc.)

tion. When a French governor of a colony finds himself face to face with a situation not calculated upon in his official training, he becomes to a certain extent helpless; whilst Englishmen and Americans use their ordinary business aptitudes, coupled with a common sense view of the situation, and thus in most cases they govern naturally and not artificially. There is much the same method adopted in English-speaking countries in their commercial education. Neither the British nor Americans are trained to Commerce theoretically, they go into the practical school of life, and it becomes a question of the survival of the fittest. No one could for a moment advocate an entire absence of training for commercial life, and leave it merely to the haphazard education of buying and selling; but I maintain there is such a thing as overtraining for commercial pursuits, and I fear both Germany and France will find that a lassitude will follow the ultra theoretical training which they now deem so indispensable for the moment. In the matter of technical education we have been, it must be admitted, somewhat behind the nations of the Continent, especially in the want of encouragement given to capable artisans, and in the scientific development of the appliances of manufactures, more especially in chemistry, in which department the Germans have had better opportunities. This, however, is being rapidly changed with us for the better.* It remains yet to be proved whether practical commercial office training, following a sound all-round school teaching, is not in the long run better adapted for the idiosyncracies of English speaking people than a highly tempered course of theoretical commercial school studies, such as the French and Germans pursue. As successful business men among English-speak-

* This Paper was read Nov. 26th, 1888, and since this period the Technical Education Act has been adopted by Parliament. The Walker Laboratories have likewise been installed in Liverpool, stated to be the most perfect institution of the kind in Europe.

ing people, the Scotch are decidedly in the very front rank, and as financiers they yield to no other community. The Scottish banking system is abreast of the financial requirements of every phase of advanced commercial civilisation, and they need fear no competition from either French or German bankers. In the British colonies, in India, and in South America, they are directors or managers of the principal banking and financial institutions. Might we not rather look to the practical Scottish commercial training for emulation, rather than to the theoretical French or German methods?

THE ETHICS AND POETRY OF THE CHINESE, WITH PHASES IN THEIR HISTORY.

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&c., &c., &c.

I PROPOSE in this paper to lay before the Society a sketch of the inner life, aims and aspirations of more than three hundred and eighty millions of our fellow-creatures; the only family of human beings who can claim to have from the remotest ages to the present day, kept the cradle of their race and themselves in an unbroken historical continuity. The Jews, who have marvellously retained their ethics and racial instincts perhaps longer than any other Caucasian race, must yield to the Chinese the merit of having preserved both their territory and their political organisation intact.

I am not entering into the field of comparative ethics, nor do I wish to impress anyone with the idea that I at all disparage our western ideal of civilisation. I only ask for an impartial and philosophic enquiry as to the claims the Chinese have to hold a place among the nations of the world, who have contributed their share to wean mankind from a state of primitive savagery, to a useful form of communal life.

It is most difficult for us, perhaps the most serious task, for the philosophic mind to free itself entirely from inherited prejudices. I remember conversing once with the great Indian reformer, Chunder Sen, a man of transcendent intellect, who had a supreme admiration for all that was health-giving in our European customs and ethics, yet he admitted to me that he himself could not easily overcome his inherited prejudice against the use of flesh meat.

It has been jestingly observed, that if the pockets of some of the agnostics of Latin countries were searched, possibly an *Agnus Dei* or a sacred heart might be found on their ring of charms.

No people had a greater prejudice against the bearded strangers (barbarians) than had the great Roman nation; yet in the end the traditions of Rome would have been lost but for these very barbarians. If anyone could have foretold that the Roman people would in later years adopt the poems of, what was in their estimation, the barbarian Jewish king David, as sacred hymns, and chant and re-chant these verses daily in all the Basilica of the Eternal City, it would have seemed as ludicrous then, as though someone to-day were to venture to predict that in a future time, some Chinese poet might take rank with a Shakespeare or a Byron.

In fact, do we not ourselves associate ideas with modes of expression, I will not say thought, which our educated conscience warns us are erroneous? For instance, we asso-

ciate a German band with a wretched out-of-tune brazen performance, whilst we at the same time know that Germany produces some of the most tender and exquisite writers of harmony, and many of the most skilful executants. Again, an Italian organ-grinder and an Italian plaster-of-paris image man revolt our artistic instincts, the one by its machine-made inartistic harmony, the other by the soulless lifeless lump of dough which seems to burlesque art; and yet Italy, of all other countries, is the mother of much that is true and beautiful, whether in the domain of harmony, the brush, or the art plastic. It is just because both Germany and Italy are artistic nations, that where the cup is full to overflowing, there we find, as a rule, the froth and bubble as well; and we are apt to associate the froth and bubble oftentimes with the generous liquid itself. It is a matter of fact that those Germans and Italians, to whom none of their countrymen would fling a centime, get a few coppers from the country folk of people not their own. Hence so many of them emigrate, and thus give a false impression to the uncultured, untravelled, and unthinking multitude, respecting the character of the masses of their countrymen at home.

There is another pitfall from which we have to be warned, and that is the influence of the unscientific and superficial chronicler. For instance, the foreign professor, who may live in Soho, or the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, and who corresponds with some continental journal, professes to instruct the people abroad about the English nation, whereas he hardly knows the parish of St. Giles. What does such a critic as this know of our sturdy Lancashire men and their busy hives of commerce; our Yorkshire centres of industry; the charm of our lake district; the brawny Highlander and his wild and romantic country; our beautiful Devonshire meads and their gentle yeomanry;

or the grimy iron puddler of Dudley and West Bromwich; yet such writers profess to instruct about England. You have, again, the foreign Commission Agents, who live a few years in some of our important manufacturing centres. They attend their lager beer houses in London, Liverpool, Manchester, or Bradford; they go occasionally from Friday to Monday perhaps to Brighton, Southport, Buxton, or their nearest watering-place; they remain with us just long enough to make the money they want; they go back to the Vaterland, and these people tell you they know all about England and the English; nay, how many native born Londoners are there who know extremely little of the land of their birth. So that before presenting to you a few examples of the ethics and poetry of the Chinese people, I venture to entreat you to divest yourselves of any possible prejudice, which I regretfully admit exists against the Chinese, in many English-speaking countries, in the same degree as I warn you of the prejudice which clings to the Italian organ-grinder and the German brass band. I wish you also to take *cum grano salis* the opinions of many Europeans who happen to have lived a few years in the Treaty ports of China, who have possibly associated only with the English "set" over there, and have become saturated with our prejudices, going to China only to make money, and on their return venturing to tell you they know all about China and the Chinese. Their knowledge perhaps is about equal to, or possibly slightly less than, that of our foreign friend located in St. Giles, who presumes to be a popular educator with regard to Great Britain.

To study the history and tendency of a people, we must not merely visit the country as a tourist or as a commercial adventurer, but it is necessary to take a deep introspective view into their literature, religion, laws, ethics, and proverbs, as well as to their political and social organisation. A

Gibbon, or a Mommsen, has described the inner life of ancient Rome perhaps better than a local Roman *quidnunc*, who may have been in the flesh in the Eternal city centuries ago. These historians that I have mentioned have seen with their brains what the other merely thinks he sees with his eyes. Of course, those students who are satisfied without examination that they are only dealing with the "heathen Chinese," are no better than the prejudiced Chinaman of the lower orders, who calls Europeans barbarians and whiskey-drinking devils. These persons on both sides do not count for much in the domain of philosophic thought, though, alas, they do sometimes influence the material and political relations of mankind with each other, and oftentimes prejudice gains a temporary victory. A child may not like the multiplication table, but whether he likes it or not, it does not alter the fact that twice two are four.

Suppose a Chinese author quoting the opinion of an American Ex-Consul as to the position of womanhood in Germany, the so-called typical land of culture. Now this is what Ex-Consul Mr. Henry Ruffles says :—

I would not like to be a German peasant woman, I would much prefer to be a German horse, for German horses are well treated and well fed. The Germans are naturally kind to all dumb animals. Women, however, receive none of these kind attentions and considerations at the hands of the male portion of the community, but are treated as if they were of a species lower than the brutes, with no feelings and no souls. Woman is made to perform every kind of degrading labour. She prepares the fields for planting, she drives the oxen and holds the plough, and not unfrequently she takes the place of the ox before the plough. She sows the seed and tills the soil, she shovels, she hoes, she reaps, she gathers the harvest, she thrashes the grain and carries it to the mill, she grinds it at the mill, she markets the products of her small strip of land to buy bread for her children and beer for her lord and master. She does the work and drudgery in the factories, she is the scavenger for cleaning the streets, and gathering offal in the cities and highways for enriching the land. She does

everything but play soldier and hang about beer shops and drink beer from early morn until late at night like the German men, and these occupations would be assigned to her provided they required hard labour or drudgery of any kind. Yet they are strong and robust, and perform what is called a man's labour. While at work in the fields, and it is only during the warm months of the year that they can, they are only paid ten or twelve cents for a day's labour of twelve hours (that is fivepence or sixpence English money).

When they board themselves they receive from 20 to 28 or 30 cents a day, or 10d. to 1s. 3d. English sterling.

Might not a Chinese critic be reasonably expected to deduce from this opinion, that however high the ideal of woman may be in countries holding western ethics, in actual practice it does not amount to much; and might not such a student logically retort, when we point flippantly to the practical position of women in some of the treaty ports of China, that we ought to examine what the ideal position of woman is, in Chinese religion and ethics, before we assume that the Chinese Chowbenter's wife is the ideal of Chinese womanhood.

As a magistrate, I had the personal experience in our local tribunal, of an excellent heroic woman who nursed and tended, and by her long and faithful watching, saved the life of a desperately wounded canal-boatman with whom she lived as his wife, absolutely refusing the earnest appeal of the man in open court to marry with legal or religious form; "Nay," said she, "I love him, and he is a good man and kind to me now, but the moment I am his wife he looks upon me as his property, and he'll kick me like the rest of them do." And *vice versa*, how many women are there that have goaded their husbands almost to the verge of ruin, madness, and despair, who have lost all their womanhood, except, perhaps, as the poet Heine calls it, "their anatomical-tue?" Such instances as these, however, are the

exceptional diseases of western society, but not the ideal high type of the true biblical wife, whom the royal sacred writer describes as more precious than rubies. There is a popular Chinese song of very ancient date, seven centuries before the Christian era. It is in General Tcheng Ki Tong's collection, published in the French language. I give you two verses. I may add that, to the best of my belief, although there are translations, there is no metrical version in the English language of the ancient Chinese book of verses—more of which anon.

LITTLE WIFE.

Outside the eastern city gate
Are many damsels fair and gay,
Like clouds are they in numbers great,
To them I have no word to say.
My little wife in robes of white
For me is my heart's sole delight.

Outside the ancient city towers
Await me maidens, sweet and gay,
With coloured robes and gorgeous flowers.
They tempt me from my mate astray.
But little wife in robes of white
For me is my heart's sole delight.

I have carefully studied the many adverse criticisms of the Chinese people, and I find that they may be crystallised into three main charges; firstly, that woman does not hold as high a social position as in European and western communities generally; secondly, that their deterrent and punitive legislation is cruel; and, thirdly, that the Chinese personal habits are unsavoury, that their abodes are uncleanly, and that their general ideas of sanitation are either very primitive or altogether wanting. The prejudices of Europeans and English-speaking people generally have been for the most part fostered by the experiences of the Treaty

ports, and of Americans and Australians, where the froth of Chinese emigration has overflowed, and we hear much of the unsavoury condition of the Chinese quarters and of their careless habits. Let me remind these adverse critics of what an observant foreigner wrote of us in pre-reformation days. Erasmus ascribes the frequent plagues in England to the nastiness, dirt, and slovenly habits of the people. "The floors," said he, "are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, under which lies unmolested an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrement of dogs and cats, and everything that is nasty." We have, however, improved all this off the face of the earth, so there is hope for the Chinese likewise.

I venture to think I have shown that in sanitary matters at least, China is what we were in former generations. It occurs to me that the reply of many Chinese ladies to those who adversely criticise their social position, would be very much like the reply of those British matrons who do not care to help their sisters to obtain political equality and complete parliamentary enfranchisement, these like the others say "We don't want to vote, we prefer to retain the sphere we now occupy." As a matter of fact, monogamy is the legal status of society in China. There is a recognised inferior union, similar to that permitted by the "first" Code Napoleon and the temporary morgantic alliances of the German aristocracy known as "standesherrn," but law and Chinese society permits only one wife. On the other hand, a Chinese wife is a legal attorney for her husband. She can give a receipt for him and take delivery or accept a transfer for him; she can veto or consent to the marriage of her offspring, and she can endow them with her goods without the consent of her husband. In fine, woman's position in China is somewhat the Pauline one, but hardly as low as that of St. Chrysostom. Paul says in 1 Timothy ii, 11,12,

"Let woman learn in silence with all subjection, but I suffer not a woman to teach nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence;" whilst St. Chrysostom calls woman "a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill." The *Fortnightly Review*, in its issue of October, 1889, has a remarkable article on the position of women in Asia, from which I extract the following:—

No one could for a moment maintain that if a highly organised specimen of the western women were picked out there could be found amongst eastern women any one to match her in beauty, grace, purity, and that highly specialised sense which we love to think of as refined womanhood, but on the other hand, among western women there are many whose infamy and depravity of nature it would be as equally difficult to match in the eastern world. Action and reaction are equal everywhere. Development cannot proceed apace without starting at the same time a retrograde course of degeneration. If the ideal aimed at is high it cannot be astonishing that the majority failed to come anywhere near it, and many fall lower than if they had no ideal at all to start with. The easterns are content with the mediocrity and materialism of this earth, their tread on it is firm and sure, and whilst failing to produce brilliant results, their condition of morality is one of inherent stability. We, like Icarus of old, spurn that which is material from beneath our feet, and attempt to rise on wings of our own making towards the ethereal expanse. May heaven grant that we may not, like him, come crashing lower down than that level from whence we sprung, and with disordered minds and broken up institutions find ourselves wallowing once more amidst the filth of primitive savagery.—HORACE VICTOR.

With respect to punitive and repressive legislation, we in England should be the last to throw stones upon another people. The act of Henry VIII, 22, Cap. 12, enacts that a sturdy beggar is to be whipped the first time; his ears cropped the second; and if he again offend, to be sent to the next gaol till the quarter sessions, there to be indicted for wandering, loitering, and idleness, and if convicted shall

suffer execution as a felon and an enemy to the commonwealth. W. Heaton in his work, *The Three Reforms of Parliament*, writes :—

“ Our law recognised two hundred and twenty-three capital offences. It seems at first that there can scarcely be two hundred and twenty-three human actions worthy of even the mildest censure, but our stern fathers found that number worthy of death. If a man injured Westminster Bridge he was hanged. If he appeared disguised on a public road he was hanged. If he cut down young trees; if he shot at rabbits; if he stole property valued at five shillings; if he stole anything at all from a bleach field: if he wrote a threatening letter to extort money; if he returned prematurely from transportation; for any of these offences he was immediately hanged. In 1816 there were at one time 58 persons under sentence of death, one of these was a child ten years of age. This was England before 1830.”

Before we enter upon the ethics and poetry of the Chinese people, and having disposed of some of the negative aspects of this great Mongolian family, we may now proceed to examine some of their positive institutions.

The pith and kernel of society in China is the purity of family life and the sanctity of the home. The father, the mother and the offspring, are protected in all their legitimate rights and aspirations, and respect for ancestry is carried perhaps to extravagant dimensions. If a man attains a position of dignity, not only is he ennobled, but his ancestor likewise. There are few hereditary titles in China, but those few have originally been ennobled on account of conspicuous merit. As in Great Britain, the title descends to the eldest son only, whilst the younger sons merge with the rest of the people. Promotion to high office is attained by dint of meritorious conduct and high culture. Children of the humblest parentage have been appointed viceroys and mandarins. Many men and women of the labouring classes pass through a life of privation to save enough to educate one exceptionally clever son. In the event of this lad gaining a

chief prize in the local school, which the government provide everywhere free for "elementary" education, the parents feel themselves amply rewarded in the homage paid by the village or the district to the successful prize-winners. These youths are carried on the shoulders of a deputation who wait upon them, they are crowned with flowers, and at night the streets are brilliantly illuminated. This annual prize day forms a feature in Chinese social life. Every Chinese mother looks forward with hope to this eventful day, for to train up a prize-crowned son is to raise her on a pedestal of social importance. The Chinese cannot well understand the English or American system of ministerial appointments, that is to say, choosing a banker as first Lord of the Admiralty, or a bookseller for the position of Minister of War, or a briefless barrister to be appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Chinese insist upon a complete apprenticeship and step-by-step training for government appointments. They remark that we would not allow our coat to be made by one who is not a tailor, nor would we have our boots repaired by a blacksmith. "Every occupation," say they, "requires apprenticeship and training." They taunt English and Americans with having heaven-born legislators who are quite ready to mend a constitution, but who would not attempt to repair a coat or a pair of boots. The views of the Chinese Government are identical with those of the Papacy, whose hierarchy and priesthood permit no layman to take office in the church proper.

The Government of China is strictly paternal. The Emperor is the almost infallible ruler of his empire, just as the Pope is the ruler of the Catholic Church. The Emperor delegates his power to viceroys, mandarins, magistrates, and thence to the lowest functionary, all of whom can be suspended at will. Of course no human institution exists to

which one might apply the term perfection. Necessarily the exercise of so much absolute power does and must give rise to instances and cases of injustice and peculation, but these cases are exceptional, the Chinese people, though a peace-loving, well-educated, and well-disposed people, would only tolerate their ancient system providing it brought them the maximum amount of, what was in their estimation, communal comfort with the smallest discomfort, and they accept their form of government with the same contentment as a believing Catholic does that of his church. The United States of America exhibit perhaps the very antipodes of the Chinese system, and are certainly not free from corruption or peculation. It would be difficult to predict whether the free American institutions will endure three thousand years hence, her polity having stood the test of scarcely more than a century. The occurrence, a few weeks ago, of two senators shooting at each other, one being mortally wounded, does not look like political perfection. Again, several Chinese writers have pointed out that if they dared believe a tithe of the charges which each political party in England inveighs against the other, they could come to no other conclusion than that Great Britain is divided into two governing clans, the one bloodthirsty ruffians, the other incompetent noodles.

China points back with some pardonable pride that her system has endured for more than four thousand years. The Marquis Tseng points out, in his epoch-making article in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* entitled "China: the Sleep and the Awakening," that his country has become rejuvenated and quite ready to hold her own now against all comers, both physically, intellectually, and commercially. The last chance that Europe ever had of making China subservient to her views, as with Hindoostan, was when the allied forces of England and France marched through the country and took

possession of the capital, but the burning of the summer palace near Peking effected for the Chinese people, what the Carthaginians did for Rome after the battle of Cannae. China, the Marquis observes, is now wide awake, and will hold her own against all comers. It is admitted that their arsenal at Foo Choo is one of the finest in the world, and they now turn out some of their own ironclads and Krupp breech-loading guns. The best proof of their re-awakening is that in the late struggle with France, our gallant neighbours came off decidedly second best, and showed no symptoms of regret when England hinted a friendly suggestion of mediating.

Religion tempers the paternal government of the empire, and to a great extent acts as a protective force against injustice of all kinds.

Here again the Mongolian attitude towards religion is the reverse of that of the western races. The Mongolian is a creature deeply imbued with religious but not theological influences. Man seems to him to require two forms of sustenance, physical and spiritual, but towards both he accords the same absolute liberty and toleration. Just as if a human being chooses to live on salt fish and mussels, that is simply his own affair. A Chinaman may suggest that flesh meat and rice is a more desirable food, but with the advice he is content. Neither he, nor a European, would ever subject a man to political and social disability, or persecute him because he chooses to eat potatoes in preference to tomatoes, but the Chinaman proceeds in a like manner in his attitude towards spiritual nourishment. He both teaches and preaches, but he declares every human being free to adopt his own special method of spiritual sustenance. The government holds a benevolent neutrality towards all, and only interferes if any form of teaching attempts to infringe the law of the land. This was

the cause of the crushing of the Taeping rebellion. The Mahommedans of that province, in their iconoclastic zeal, began to demolish the shrines and altars of other faiths. The government put down the perpetrators, not as followers of Islam, but because they attempted a breach of the peace. Now, that the Imperial law has been restored, they can and do worship in their Mosques with all freedom, and enjoy the fullest protection. No better illustration of the genial effect of this universal toleration can be given, than the fact that the Chinese have accomplished what no other power or people have hitherto been able to do. That is, they have quietly absorbed their Jewish element. The Jews of Kai Fung Foo, who have been located there from pre-exilic times, have step by step relinquished their time-honoured institutions, and they are virtually indistinguishable from the rest of the population in their habits and general demeanour. They are now simply a community of Chinese monotheists; they have always enjoyed absolute religious liberty and equality. This should be an object lesson to many so-called civilised European communities.

Religious uniformity does not exist in China. There are three distinct religious groups, besides other subsidiary forms, namely: the religion of Confucius; the religion of Laotse; and the religion of Fo, or Buddhism. Confucius lived about six centuries before the Christian era. He taught high ethical principles, and above all obedient citizenship. The great aphorism of Confucius, "Never do anything to others which you would not wish others to do to you," is inscribed on almost every public edifice in the empire. Confucianism, however, seems to be a religion void of sentiment, and does not appeal to the heart and sympathy of the poor and suffering.

The religion of Laotse, equally ancient, whatever may have been its original inception, as at present practised is

anthropomorphism pure and simple in its crudest form. It embraced some of the elements of Confucianism, and, later on, absorbed Buddhism, and possesses a well-disciplined priesthood, who appeal to the superstition of the ignorant classes, and attract converts by appealing to the latent after-death terrors of the uncultured masses, this being entirely foreign to the teaching of the Buddha. The priests of Laotse decorate their altars with flowers, light up innumerable candles, have paintings and statues of their holy saints. Their priests wear gorgeous vestments; they burn incense during the service; they mediate for pardon of sins; they encourage the adoration of relics; they receive large fees for repeating prayers for the repose of the souls of the departed; and, to devote themselves exclusively to their religious profession, they generally adopt celibacy. The religion of Laotse furthermore owes some success to the hold it has upon the women of China, and indirectly through them upon their husbands and children. Woman is flattered by the worship of a queen of heaven, which has no place in real Buddhism or in the Confucian system. The godhead is decidedly more personal in the Laotse worship than in either of the other forms of religion. Thus the unlettered classes flock to the altars and shrines of Laotse. Moreover, the priests of Laotse make it a point never to argue as do the priests of Buddha or the preachers of the Confucian doctrine. They simply practise imposing functions, and ask blind obedience from their followers.

The great bulk of the middle classes, the landowners, agriculturists, and skilled operatives, are followers of the religion of Fo, or Buddhism. The great teacher Buddha has won the affection and heart of the thinking portion of the Chinese people. Unlike Confucius who appeals to a sense of duty, and Laotse to unknown terrors of an after life, the Buddha is loved and venerated for his own sake. His life

speaks more eloquently to them than the Dhamma-pada itself. His followers see in the life of their teacher, a prince born to succeed to a kingdom, nursed in the lap of every luxury, with palaces, equipages, and all earthly pleasures, married to a beautiful wife, and father to a promising child; yet the prince gives up all for his unbounded love of mankind. He quits in the dead of night his past glories, he kisses his wife during her sleep, blesses his child, leaves them in possession of all his fortune, doffs his royal apparel, assumes the cotton shirt of a mendicant, and wanders penniless into the jungle to consider in solitude what are the real aims and objects of life. After a period of hunger and a long probation of poverty, he preaches a doctrine of universal brotherhood, abolition of caste regardless of colour or privilege, elevation of woman to equal social rank with man, kindness to animals, care and tenderness in the treatment of the deaf and dumb, the honour of honest poverty, the danger of wealth, the forgiveness of wrong, patience under tribulation, and love for their enemies. Buddha says, "A man who foolishly does me wrong I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love, the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me."

Forsaken by his own immediate race, repelled by all his ancient friends, except his wife and child,—the princess becoming a nun, and his son an apostle,—Buddha goes forth among strangers, among the poorest and lowliest, teaches, consoles, and comforts; he dies in his eightieth year calmly, surrounded by his followers, exclaiming, "Children, work out your own salvation." There exists in all Mongolian countries a deep popular love and veneration for Gautama the Buddha; to follow the Buddha is their watchword, to live and die as the Buddha did is their ideal. The priesthood of Laotse, feeling how widespread was the appreciation of Buddha, quietly absorbed his personage in their cult, and

have made the Buddha the supreme head of their countless saints, though their practices and teachings are altogether foreign to his teachings. The ignorant followers of Laotse quietly worship Buddha as one of their many gods, without any investigation, merely by the awe inspired by their priesthood.

We may thus classify the members of the three principal religious systems of China. The doctrine of Confucius is followed by the upper and ruling classes; the vast majority of the middle and respectable wage-earning classes follow the cult of Buddha; whilst the lowest and ignorant worship at the shrines and altars of Laotse. So eclectic, however, are the Mongolians that they each and all pay respect to one another's feast days, and followers of Confucius make obeisance to the shrine of Buddha, whilst the Buddhist looks upon Confucius as a wise father and a great teacher. Laotse quietly embraces them both.

In the political arrangements of the Mongolian world, however high the ethics and the beautiful life of Buddha are held up as the ideal, it is really the law of Confucius that keeps their social fabric intact. Buddha's contempt for wealth, his purely spiritual aims, his preference for celibacy as the highest state of human perfection, his toleration of the married state only as a concession to human weakness, his constant reiteration that life is merely a preparation for a blissful Nirvana, have won the adoration of the Mongolian masses; but the Chinese people being somewhat canny, hardheaded, and fond of accumulating wealth, are really guided in mundane affairs by the teachings of Confucius, whose practical insight into the exigencies of real life, so evident in all his laws, constitutes even for the Buddhist, although he is loth to admit it, the linchpin of his social and political organisation. Whilst Buddha for instance places woman on an absolute equality with man, Confucius takes

the Pauline view of womanhood, and the Chinese of every section of society follow the latter rather than the former.

I ought to mention that Mahommedanism does form a considerable section of the population in the border provinces, and it must be admitted is making marked progress. Teachers of Islam and the Jesuit brothers are the two exotic missionaries who make some headway among the followers of Laotse, both by appealing to the fleshly instincts of the Laotse believers. The Mahommedan induces him to enter his fold by the promises of a carnal Paradise, whilst the Jesuits inspire fear of a carnal infernal region and never-ending carnal torments. The Chinese followers of Islam are known for their sobriety, and general frugality.

An eminent Chinese official expressed to me, that the cultured classes have great admiration for our Bible and its ethics, but, he observed, the books contain the traditions of the people of Palestine who knew nothing about the Chinese or their history. He further stated that they had no antagonism whatsoever to what he termed the "folk-lore" of the Old and the New Testaments, but he maintained it only concerns those who derive their religious aspirations from the soil of Palestine. The Chinese treat our biblical history as a work of great literary value, and respect it accordingly, just as we do the ethics of Marcus Aurelius.

An extract from the Buddhist catechism, approved and recommended for use in the Buddhist schools by H. Sungamala Thero, High Priest of Sripada and Galle, and head of the Widyodaya College at Colombo, may not be without interest :—

Q. Of what religion are you ?

A. The Buddhist.

Q. What is a Buddhist ?

A. One who professes to be a follower of the Lord Buddha and accepts his doctrine.

Q. Was Buddha a god?

A. No.

Q. Was he a man?

A. In form a man, but internally not like other men, that is to say in moral and mental qualities he excelled all other men of his own or subsequent times.

Q. Was Buddha his name?

A. No; it is the name of a condition or state of mind.

Q. What is its meaning?

A. Enlightened, or he who has the perfect wisdom.

Q. Did he become Buddha in his splendid palaces?

A. He left all and went alone into the jungle.

Q. Why did he do this?

A. To discover the cause of our sufferings and the way to escape from them.

Q. Was it not selfishness that made him do this?

A. No; it was boundless love for all beings that made him sacrifice himself for their good.

Q. What did he sacrifice?

A. His beautiful palaces, his riches, his luxuries, his pleasures, his soft beds, his fine dresses, his rich food, his kingdom, he even left his beloved wife and his only son.

Q. Did any other man ever sacrifice so much for our sake?

A. Not one. That is why Buddhists so love him, and why good Buddhists try to be like him.

Q. How old was Buddha when he left his royal condition?

A. Twenty-nine years.

The proverbs and maxims of the Chinese, like those of most nations, are perhaps the truest reflection of the inner life of the community, for were an epigram not like a mirror wherein people at once recognise themselves the phrase would not survive the author, perhaps not the day of its utterance. Such accepted English epigrams as "Much cry and little wool," "A stitch in time saves nine," "One half-penny worth of bread to the intolerable amount of sack," "Look before you leap," etc., are current phrases in English speaking communities, as the French would say *hors*

de discussion, hence beyond criticism. Let us now observe how the Chinese express themselves in their aphorisms; for instance, we say "Happy as a king" or "Happy as a bird," whilst they have it "Happy as a fish in the water," a fish really requiring nothing but peace and tranquility, all his natural requirements being provided. We say "Union is strength," the Chinese express it "One single bamboo does not make a raft." Our aphorism "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," the Chinese express "One is more or less willing, the other more or less weak." With the Mongolian the more or less comes in. We say "Carrying coals to Newcastle," they observe "He is like a blind man climbing up a mountain to admire the view." Our "Penny saved is a penny earned," is in China "A daily income is better than a fortune." We say "The walls have ears," they observe "Don't speak in the street, there are ears under the flagstones." For our remark of "A pill to cure an earthquake," they have "Like the clown who casts a net to catch a hurricane." I should observe that many of these sayings are to be found in the writings of Confucius. He credits them at his period with an antiquity of more than two thousand years, so that many of the maxims I have quoted date back to more than four thousand years ago. One proverb deserves special notice which declares the brotherhood of mankind. "In every human form you see your kindred and your brother." The charge of exclusiveness on the part of the Mongolian is decidedly more political than ethical. Our biblical proverb "Can a leopard change his spots or an Ethiopian his skin?" with them reads "Imperial dynasties may change, but human nature never." The reverse of our thoroughly English saying "Take care of yourself" is rendered by the Chinese "Warmth for all and cold for yourself." Our proverb "Heaven provides for all," they have "Every blade of grass

has its drop of dew." "When the water gets low the fish begin to show," is somewhat like our saying of "Rats deserting a sinking ship." The life of a miser they describe as a man who falls in the sea and grasps the foam. That ancient institution of the mother-in-law is not forgotten in the Celestial Empire. They observe "The glances of a mother-in-law are like the skies in early spring, very unreliable." Again, "An ugly woman may satisfy her husband, but she cannot conceal her ugliness from the critical view of her mother-in-law."

I shall now proceed to quote a few Chinese proverbs without comment :—

"Life has its destiny, but fortune depends upon Providence."

"Although the sea is immense yet oftentimes vessels meet."

"It is easy to make money, but not so easy to retain it."

"Pure gold is not afraid of the fire."

"An old bee will never touch a withered flower."

"A dotard's life is like the flicker of a candle in the wind."

"Endow not a son-in-law with overmuch money; if thy daughter is ill-treated she may return to thee, but if thy silver taels are ill-treated, they will never find their way home to thee."

"No matter how high a tree may grow, yet the leaves fall to the ground."

"A tree planted haphazard on the roadside often gives a welcome shelter."

"To understand the sufferings of others you must have suffered yourself."

"The hurricane has no chance against a well-rooted tree."

"A mandarin can easily equip a thousand soldiers, but he finds it a harder task to provide a single general."

"We should seek new apparel and old men."

"When Heaven creates a mouth the food is created to fill it; just as every blade of grass has got its little root."

"Sweet is the great metropolis, but sweeter still is my dear little village."

"A faithful man cannot be faithless even under fear of death."

"Of three familiarities observe two and avoid one: retain the

respectful familiarity like mandarin to mandarin; also the affectionate familiarity like brother to brother; but avoid the insolent familiarity that is like the ill-bred man whom your father accepts for a son-in-law."

"Mankind are not all good nor are all flowers beautiful."

"Do not be a slave to your children, they will find out their own path to happiness when they grow up."

"True charity is to send fuel to the suffering in cold weather, not in making presents to those who are rich."

"Train your child to help you when you are old, just as you fill a money-box to make use of it when you are in want."

"First listen to the speech and then give your judgment."

"The gates of the law are always open, but those who have rights only and no money had better keep away."

"A dead man has empty hands."

"An evil act is an evil act, and, however cleverly done, is sure to be found out."

"Charity that is done for the sake of notoriety is not worth much."

"If you think there is no power in Heaven look at the lightning."
(*This is a Laotse proverb.*)

"A good bottle of wine oftentimes elicits frank thoughts."

"Shame passes away but debts remain."

"To any one in a desperate hurry even his race horse seems to stand still."

"Through the chink of a door a human being looks very small."

"The hammer strikes the axe, and the axe strikes the wood."

"A near neighbour is better than a distant relative."

"A beggar does not succeed in climbing up a rotten bough."

"Take your own advice first and consult others afterwards."

"Many a soft speech conceals a vindictive mind."

"Ten rush-lights are not worth a single lamp."

"A man often shows his manhood after a long walk of sorrow."

"A clear conscience is better than a candle, for with the former you can walk in the dark."

"Jewels are seen at best when well set."

"A flower shows up better when it peeps through green leaves."

"To correct your neighbour is like attempting to cure leprosy."

"A stupid husband is afraid of his wife, a wise woman obeys her husband."

"One switch for a good horse; one word for a wise man."

"If men would only criticise themselves as they do others and exercise the same charity for others as they have for themselves."
(*This is a Buddhist proverb.*)

"It is not the use of wine that makes the drunkard but the abuse of it."

"When men are well-to-do they rarely burn incense, but the moment they are in trouble they fall at the feet of Buddha."

"The failings of the great are as a rule exaggerated by the small."

"Talent is like the muscle, the more you train it the more it develops."

"The mistake of the moment is oftentimes the sorrow of a lifetime."

"The anguish caused by envy is like a grain of sand in the eye."

"A wise man adapts himself to circumstances just like water takes the shape of the bowl that contains it."

The *Iliad* of the Chinese is the Book of Verses, and consists of a series of ballads, lyrics, and odes. They were first collected in the reign of the Emperor Houti, about seven centuries before the Christian era. They were subsequently edited by Confucius. The poem of the "Little Wife" is in this collection. A short ballad of this period is called the "Young Recruit." *

* I ought to explain that I have been obliged to paraphrase rather than literally translate the poetic effusions of the Chinese bards.

What Sir Edwin Arnold says of Japanese poetry holds good for the Mongolian on the mainland. I extract the following from a letter written by the author of the *Light of Asia*, dated Tmai-cho, Jan. 20th, 1890:—

"Where they will complete a thing, nothing can be completer; the microscope itself could find no flaw in the patient, faithful article turned out. When, again, they merely desire to arouse the imagination, one sweep of the brush, one turn of the dexterous wrist, and they have indicated twenty leagues of blue distance, or limned a bird's wing in the very act of beating. This latter manner also characterises their national poetry. Bear with one little scrap of it, in order to realise how the Japanese Muse can trust the quick fancies of her children in the domain of song. A Japanese girl, going to her well in the morning, finds that a convolvulus during the night has twined its crimson and purple bells and green tendrils round the pail. It is too beautiful to disturb! She abandons

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

I climb the bleak and arid peak,
 And glance towards home that's far, yet nigh;
 Methinks I hear dear father speak,
 Methinks I hear dear father sigh.
 My lad is for a soldier gone,
 He marches all the day and night;
 My son is brave, he'll yet come home,
 He'll perish not in deadly fight.

I climb the green and verdant hill,
 And look tow'rds mother's holy ground;
 Methinks her voice is with me still,
 Methinks I hear its gentle sound.
 "My youngest boy's a-fighting gone,
 No sleep by night, nor rest by day;
 My lad is kind, he'll fain come home,
 His bones escape the deadly fray."

the bucket to the fragrant invader, and goes next door to fill her domestic utensils. Out of this simple incident comes a famous song, done in three lines and five words. These are:—

Asagao
 Tsurube torarete
 Morai midsu.

The literal translation of which is—

Convolvulus
 Bucket taking,
 I borrow water.

And every Japanese ear understands, and every Japanese mind can delight in, the photographic brevity with which the scene and the thought are thus flashed, as it were, into the music and into the heart. But, to convey these to a Western ear and understanding, it would be needful to expand the Japanese poem into at least as many words as the following:—

The 'Morning-glory'
 Her leaves and bells has bound
 My bucket-handle round.
 I could not break the bands
 Of those soft hands.
 The bucket and the well to her I left;
 Lend me some water, for I come bereft.

And so must all the finer and subtler specimens of Japanese art—outside as well as inside its classical poetry—be, as it were, translated and expanded for the general Western comprehension."

I climb the snow-clad mountain high,
 Afar lies elder brother's cot;
 Methinks I hear him gently say,
 "Alack, my younger brother's lot,
 To herd with fighting men and rude,
 To strive with ruffians night and day;
 But brother 's bold, he'll brave the feud,
 He'll live to win a hero's fight."

Although this poem is pre-Confucian and of remote antiquity, we have vividly brought before us love of home, affection of child towards parent, respect for an elder brother, and a decided preference for peaceful village life, rather than the glorification of arms. Another specimen is a very simple lyric, somewhat in the style of Robert Burns or Heine, termed

TRUE LOVE.

An honest and a fair young maid
 Hath pledged her loving troth to me;
 She meets me at the Castle gate,
 I wait the hour with ecstasy.

She brings a dainty sweet blue-bell,
 The best, the rarest in the land;
 Oh, little flower I love thee well,
 For thou hast left my darling's hand!

There is a Byronic ring in this poem :—

LAMENTATION.

My pine-wood barque invites me now
 To glide along the placid lake,
 For sleep denies my fevered brow,
 And grief will ne'er my heart forsake.

Think'st thou my heart is mirror-like
 That thou can'st see what therein gnaws?
 Yea, e'en my brothers coldly speak
 With icy word that never thaws.

Think'st thou my heart is like a pearl
Which thou can'st fashion to thy will ?
Or like a curtain thou can'st furl,
Or hang it up a void to fill.

My friends despise and pass me by,
And shoot their venom shafts of hate ;
I kneel to Heav'n and there deny
The lying story they relate.

At times the sun we cannot view,
For clouds obstruct its radiant sheen ;
The silvery moon is covered too,
Its disc, now great, now small, is seen.

So too my heart, men read not right,
I tire of all the world's delay ;
Oh ! give me wings of Heavenly might
From this dull earth to fly away.

Another poem :—

THE TWO FRIENDS.

Two gallant youths did plight their word
To rest in friendship ever true ;
They parted and away they erred
To distant lands with tidings few.

In later years a haughty peer
Was riding on a prancing steed,
And saw a humble peasant near
Scraping the soil to pluck a weed.

The noble lord descended now,
And clasped the peasant to his breast ;
"Oh ! brother found, oh, lift thy brow
And join thy friend that loves thee best."

The preservation of such poetry is the best living record of the pulsation of a people. We find ruins of Palmyra and some remains of Carthage, but these nations have left neither songs nor proverbs, hence we know nothing but

what their conquerors choose to tell us about them. If, for example, only a few English epigrams survive the wreck of our empire, such as "Time is money," "Fair play's a jewel," "Home, sweet home," "Let every man mind his own business," subsequent ages would have a literary lime-light thrown upon the ruined arch of Macaulay's prospective New Zealander.

The Augustine, Elizabethan, or, as the French have it, the Louis Quatorze and Golden period of Chinese classical poetry and literature was during the Thang dynasty, corresponding with between 618 and 917 A.D. Buddhistic influences then seemed to have penetrated the souls of their bards. The Chinese call Tou Fou their greatest poet; they rank him with Dante or Milton, and he is entitled the Prince of Poetry. I give an example of his writings. In the one entitled "Contemplation" we can observe the Buddhist spirit running through the effusion.

CONTEMPLATION.

Thou holy monk in silent cell,
Like me a speechless life lov'st well;
We've spoken every earthly phrase,
Exhausted blame, exhausted praise.
Are not the flowers as mute as we?
Yea, e'en the stars move quietly;
When thy great power, oh Heaven, I view,
I mutely say, "Thy work is true."

Another entitled

THE CELL.

The early dawn of summer's morn
Peeps through the ancient convent cell;
The golden sheen doth now adorn
The topmost trees where linnets dwell;
The flowers now greet the rising sun.
Their perfume scents the air;
The holy hymn has just begun,
The Monk bends deep in prayer.

Tseng Ming Tong has a style of his own. He alternates between grave and gay. I give a rendering of

SPRING.

Spring-time comes only once a year,
And life, if ten times ten,
It advent's rare enough, I fear—
It comes but now and then ;
So, friend, let's hail it with a glass,
A welcome twice and thrice ;
The wine-cup, onward let it pass,
Oh ! never mind the price.

Li-Tai-Pé, one of the great bards of China, has written many volumes of poetry. I select some of his poems :—

THE GUITAR.

The Cheng Yang stream, with gentle flow,
Would'st thou its sylvan borders know ?
Come, take my barque and glide along
Afar from city's busy throng,
Leaving strife and toil behind,
Thousand beauties there you find.
I loathe the busy hives of man,
Where house joins house ; where schemers plan ;
A poet I, I live another life,
Where nature smiles and peace replaces strife.
I once sought heated halls of revelry,
And fled, for no hearts there had sympathy,
Except one friend, whose heart and mind was pure ;
I cleaved to him, his love was ever sure ;
With him one eve I took my boat,
And as we gently onward float
We hear a voice so sweet, so soft at first,
Like heavenly tones on human hearing burst.
It louder grows, and then we hear the whole,
Like freedom's song from some erst shriven soul ;
And strings seemed strung by ne'er a human touch ;
Our glances speak, " Have ever ears heard such ? "

A light approaches on a vessel's prow,
And then we see a gliding form below—
A craft with silken sails and gilded helm,
Both harp and song our senses overwhelm,
And on a gilded couch, 'mid flowers bestrewn,
We see a woman's hand the lyre attune.
We stopped our barque and gently waved
A signal, and its import craved,
A moment's converse with the tuneful player.
Answer comes, the seraph grants our prayer.

Ecstatic moments, gliding swift and fast,
Lengthen and lengthen into hours at last,
Till I, who ne'er believed a woman's heart,
At length found one, and could not now depart.
Oh ! form divine, would'st thou but share my love,
Not wanton-like, but blessed from above,
In wedlock pure I crave with thee to rest,
Oh ! say not nay to this my heart's request.

The beauteous lady heaved a gentle sigh,
And dropping tears streamed from her sparkling eye
" Alas ! tis human like to find our fate
Meets us at last, and that, alas ! too late.
Would t'were my fate to be a poet's wife,
But listen well till I recount my life.
Tis years ago, thirteen I scarce could count,
My lyre I took, and soon began to mount
On fame's unsteady ladder, till I grew
A songstress queen that all the world then knew.
My soldier brothers died by foeman hands,
My mother winged her soul to better lands,
Though at my feet with all mankind as slaves,
Friendless I tossed like barque upon the waves.
Wild cheers of crowds and gems and flowers approve,
No kindly heart, none offer honest love.
I older grew, and then I saw full well,
How others of my craft in anguish fell ;
And then I feared my beauty might not last,
And what would be when face and voice had passed ?

One night, I think I just had left the play,
A missive handed in, 'twas thus to say—
'A man desired at some convenient time
To ask if yet the gift of heart was mine.'
I thought at length that some enamoured swain,
With sweet request to lead me to a fane,
With wedded love to grant that life of rest
Which they who live on frail applause love best.

"But lo, I saw a shrivelled form and old,
Who offered me his hoarded stores of gold,
And then I thought and thought: "Perchance ere long
I cease to please the ever fickle throng,
Nor love nor gold will then await my lot."
So I my better self for once forgot,
Consent I gave, and to the priest he led
The public's idol, and 'twas thus I wed.

"Oh! thrice accursed from above
Is wedlock unhallowed by love;
A wedlock that is like the filled-up grave,
The clod retains, but spirit cannot save.

"So is my ancient spouse who bought my life,
And has the lawful right to call me wife,—
I have the gold to purchase every whim,
All this I have, and yet my soul grows dim,—
He piles up wealth, but what for that care I,
When yearning for a life of love I sigh?
Some weeks ago he left to bargain tea,
And thus for gain of pelf he leaves me free.
A sudden thought came o'er my fevered brain
To take once more my old guitar again;
Fleeting along the moonlit stream,
Dreaming a brief, but happy dream.

"'Tis over now, so, gentle youth, farewell!
Would 'twere my fate 'mid happier spheres to dwell,
But that, alas, is e'er so far from me.
God speed thee, poet, think sometimes of me!"

Her barque rowed east, my barque rowed west,
 My friend now clasped me to his breast :
 "Alas, poor soul, thy life a blank appears."
 I grasped his hand and burst in bitter tears.

THE SPRING.

The flowers of spring around me spread,
 Radiant as the silken thread ;
 The mulb'ry sheds its verdant leaf,
 Yet why, Oh why, moan I with grief?
 Oh, dearest one, if you but knew
 How longingly I wait for you !
 A rustling sound, I think her near—
 'Tis but the zephyr's breeze I hear.

ABSENCE.

Beyond the snow-clad mountain peak,
 The golden sun sinks towards the west,
 And through the clouds from out the east,
 The silvery moon betokens rest.
 My lattice window now I rise,
 Unloose from folds my plaited hair,
 From water lilies wafts uprise,
 And zephyrs' wings refresh the air.
 From bamboo leaves, stirred by the breeze,
 The sparkling dewdrops gently fall,
 My mandoline straightway I seize,
 And string a dulcet madrigal.
 The water lilies answer not,
 The wind wafts on without reply.
 Oh, what a dull and cheerless lot
 Is all this world with thee not nigh !

There are many poems in China singing the beauty of spring-tide and flowers. The early season and the cult of flowers seem to be an ever-welcome theme with the Chinese poets. Pe Ku Hi is another poet whose writings possess

considerable dramatic force. I give you a rendering of one of his favourite poems, entitled

ETERNAL LOVE.

The Emp'ror Ming Noang desired to wed
The best and fairest maid in all his land.
He tarried, and he tarried long, 'tis said,
Before he offer'd gift of throne and hand.
He'd wed the girl whose highest aim
Was love of truth and country's fame.
He heard the ancient house of Yong possessed,
With gold and lands and jewels rare,
A maiden sweet, whom all the poor had blessed,
Whose life was pure as angel fair.
The monarch came with pomp and might,
And straightway loved her there at sight.

Grand was the nuptial feast he had,
The lowliest churl that day was glad ;
The humblest folk throughout their lands
Blessed the link of the regal hands.

Sweet were the days of early love,
Like radiant sunshine from above,
Yet as the Emperor older grew
It seemed as though he had wed anew ;
And all his kindly plans in life
Were guided by his pious wife.
He gave her bowers of marbles rare
And jade and gems and jewels fair ;
Her brothers to the highest posts enthroned,
And countless districts now they owned.
Her kindred of the time gone by
Were classed with royal dignity.

But envy's tooth began to gnaw
The hearts of nobles when they saw
The Empress' kith and kin hold sway
In lands that erst did them obey.
At last a secret plot they hatch
Their sov'reign lady to dispatch,

And rising in rebellion loud
With weapons they o'ermatch the crowd.
They seize the queen, no help is nigh,
With prayer on lips doth Empress die.
The best beloved Queen, the fair, the good
A mass of clay lies weltering in her blood.

The rebels having now achieved their aim
Lay down their arms, and thus their King-acclaim
" 'Gainst thee, O Sire, we wish to draw no sword,
We love and venerate thy princely word;
So, Sovereign, mount thy throne anew to reign,
We fought to seek our ancient rights again."

Now years roll on, a monarch rules alone,
Lip-loyal peers cannot his loss atone.
His palace void, his hearth is cold,
His joys are gone, he thus grows old.
And day by day, like monk in convent's gloom,
The monarch kneels beside a silent tomb.

One night when long the Emp'r's vigil kept,
And o'er his ruined life with grief he wept,
A holy monk, absorbed in prayer,
Seemed to stand before him there.
" Oh, royal brother, dry thy tear,
Thy lost one's better there than here."
The monarch hearing words of holy love,
" I hope," said he, " but, brother, can'st thou prove?"
" I can, nay, will—this very hour.
My prayers and fasts give me the power
To visit heaven from time to time,
To hear celestial music chime.
Wilt send a missive to thy long lost Queen,
To her that now mid angels' paths is seen?"

" Oh, mock me not, thou holy priest,
Can'st for my soul prepare such feast?
Can'st give a hungry heart a crumb
Of solace, that for years hath none?"

The priest of Ling Kung travelled fast
Until the azure skies were passed,
And, whirling in ethereal space,
A golden mountain soon did trace,
Behind a rock a golden gate
Where countless angels, watching, sat.
The monk his errand now declared,
The Empress hither swift repaired,
And rising from celestial couch
With heav'nly smile, her sweet approach
Sheds light around, and all seems bright ;
But she ! whose face like snow was white,
With graceful move a veil unfurls,
A veil bestrewn with azure pearls,
And to the holy monk, with sweet incline,
Speaks : " Father, hail you now from husband mine ?
Oh ! thinks he still somewhat of me,
Retains he yet his dynasty ? "

The holy monk, with accents grave,
In pious tone his message gave :
" Would you, if it were heaven's desire,
Descend to earth, rejoin our Sire ? "
She gently tossed her graceful head,
A sighing " No " at once she said.
" The only spark of earth now left
Is lingering love of him bereft ;
All else is gloom, and dark appears.
Their smiles are false, and so their tears.
Here all is tranquil, never-ending peace,
From falsehood free, from sorrow all release.
Yet take this token to my love of old,
A bracelet made of thrice refined gold,
And say, if love of me rests pure as this,
In heav'n we'll meet with never-ending bliss,
Like tree whose branches interlace,
For all time one in pure embrace.
Tell him again, good monk, O say
I love him still !
Eternity may end, but my love
Never will."

The Chinese have forestalled Europe with many inventions. The manufacture of paper for ordinary uses, the art of printing, the telescope, spectacles and eye-glasses, the mariner's compass and gunpowder, have all been known in the Celestial empire from remote ages. There is, carefully preserved in the Asiatic Museum in St. Petersburg, a bank note dated 1896 B.C., printed in blue ink on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry tree, and a notice of the pains and penalties following counterfeit. The note bears the number, date of issue, the name of the bank, signature of the official issuing it, indication of its value in figures, in words, and in pictorial representation, in coins or heaps of coins equal in amount to its face value. It was generally thought that the Venetians were the inventors of modern banking and bookkeeping and considered the triumph of modern commercial enterprise, but this the Chinese claim, and prove their claim.* The bank-note system at so remote a period in China, shows three distinct phases of civilisation, viz.:—the science of banking, the use of paper, and the art of printing. An extract from a lecture by Professor Hele Shaw, at the Marine Engineers' Institute in Liverpool, shews that the cantilever system of the Forth Bridge and the Eiffel Tower was known to the Celestials long before the idea reached us. The professor says:—

The late Lord Napier of Magdala, in going over the Forth Bridge some time ago while it was in an earlier stage of progress, had remarked to the engineer, "I presume you touch your hat to the Chinese?" The reply was "Certainly," because the engineer knew that the Chinese were probably the first to adopt this kind of bridge.

The observatory at Peking is the oldest in the world, having been founded in 1279 by Kublai Khan, the first Emperor of the Mogul dynasty. There are still in it three

* For an outline of the modern financial system of the Chinese Empire, see Appendix.

of the first instruments of observation. These were used for the observation of Halley's comet in 1738, and may also be used when twenty-two years hence this comet again appears. The oldest observatory in Europe is that founded by King Frederick III of Denmark on the Island of Hveen in the Sound, and where the famous Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, carried out his celebrated observations about the middle of the sixteenth century, among others, that of the bright star in Cassiopeia. The Paris observatory was established in 1671, and that of Greenwich three years later.

A by no means partial critic on China writes in the October issue of the *Fortnightly* :—

The frugality, industry, perseverance and capacity which have enabled them to extend, in the course of centuries, from the basin of the Wei over the whole area of the immense empire which they now rule, and to elaborate a system of ethics and of government, a literature and a social organisation differing remarkably from our own, but efficient to maintain cohesion and national prosperity, whilst the kingdoms of Western Asia were rising and disappearing in periodic convulsions. Surely a race which has shewn this persistence, and which gives evidence to-day of the same qualities, will end by proving itself not inferior to its neighbours in capacity to adapt itself to the new conditions with which it is brought in contact.—R. S. GRUNDY.

Perhaps the most dignified rebuke given to the outer world by the Chinese Government was the unruffled manner with which they settled the dispute between the rival nations competing for the construction of railways in the Empire, a full account of which is given in the *Times* of October 19th, 1889.

The contractors of England, France, Germany, and the United States, all volunteered to send in competing plans, and used all the political influence of their home Governments to secure the contracts for their respective countries. The imperial Chinese Government very properly accepted all

the various European plans and diagrams that were so kindly sent for their inspection. They afterwards published an edict, August 27th, 1889, announcing that, after mature reflection, the Imperial Government would only construct railways throughout the Empire by means of Chinese Engineers, and with the aid of Chinese capital only, obtained through their own native bankers. Another symptom of their re-awakening, is the absence of any apologetic tone now assumed by Chinese statesmen. Not only do they keenly criticise European politics, but they now assume an attitude of perfect equality, and claim to be able to return Europe and America as many benefits as they receive from them.

General Tcheng Ki-Tong at the Ethnographic Congress in Paris, September, 1889, said :—

“ A wonderful assimilation of the peoples was now going on. The word “ foreigner ” was every day losing its value. It would soon have to be dropped out of the French dictionary. We were all melting into one great people, and would soon speak only of the East and of the West. At present America was an obstacle between the two, but what with river and lake steamers, railways and telegraphs, it was becoming rather a highway than a terminus.” General Tcheng Ki-Tong then gave a rapid sketch of Chinese history, referring to the introduction of Buddhism and ancestral worship. He dwelt on the influence of the latter on Chinese society, which it bound into family groups. He contrasted the family system of China with the European. In conclusion he remarked that the Chinese were learning the languages and customs of the West, and he expressed a hope that Europeans would devote their attention to the Chinese. They would perhaps find that they had more to learn from China than China had to learn from them. The speech of the General, thanks to his good delivery as much as to the interest of the matter, was received with great applause.

The fortunate geographical position of China has secured her many advantages not given to other races. For instance, the Jews were a puny people wedged in between a powerful

Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, and Persia, to say nothing of the numerous kindred nomad Arab tribes. Thus they were physically unable to hold their own against their powerful neighbours, though from time to time they made a good stand, and of the many failings of the ancient Jews, want of valour was not one of them. The Chinese, however, ethnologically speaking, had almost the advantage of an island, bounded as they were on the east by the ocean, on the north by trackless ice-bound regions, and on the west by fierce, warlike nomads, forming an impenetrable wall to the eastward march of Hellenism and Latinism. They were for centuries isolated, and were thus enabled to work out their national idiosyncrasies.

Could anyone have imagined, at the time of Queen Elizabeth, when an embassy of semi-barbarous envoys from Muscovy, bowing low to the Virgin Queen in Asiatic form, and who were hardly credited with a better Christianity than the Abyssinians possess at present,—could anyone then have foreseen that the ruler of France two centuries later would be a fugitive vanquished by Muscovite arms, and that their legions would occupy Paris, and that the Muscovite capital would rival Paris itself in luxury? No philosophic thinker will dare to speculate rashly as to what history may or may not evolve.

Whether we shall be able to impress the Mongolian with any of the present forms of the religions which we take from the Old and New Testaments, is a problem which is no part of the present enquiry. An ecclesia of the Bible converted every other people that had no popular sacred book of their own. Thus it was with Greece, with Rome, the Gauls, the Celts, the Teutons, and the Slaves; none of the cults of these people possessed a popular Holy Book. The followers of the Evangelists, drawing their ethics and psalmody from the Sacred Books of Palestine, spread

their influence and their teaching wherever they came in contact with a bookless community. But Islam, the Hindoo Church, and the Buddhist, each possess a popular and Holy Book of their own, hence to influence these religionists is a task of great difficulty. Sir Edwin Arnold addressed a meeting of Japanese students at Tokio in December last, and made use of the following words :—

“I must, indeed, be bold to say that, wherever the doctrines of the Great Teacher of India have passed, they bring to the people adopting them, or partially adopting them, more or less of embellishment and elevation. Nay, I believe it impossible that the religious tenets of the Buddha should ever enter into the life of any large body of people without stamping on the national character ineffaceable marks of the placidity, the kindliness, the glad beliefs, and the vast consolations embodied in the faith of Sakya Muni. Nor, believe me, is it ever possible, in spite of the grave authorities which assert the contrary to me, that Buddhism once entering a land should ever altogether and finally depart from it. You will instantly think of India, and remind me that the professed Buddhists there are to be numbered by scores or hundreds, but I must answer that all Hindoo India is Buddhist in heart and essence. The sea does not mark the sand more surely with its tokens than Gautama has conquered, changed, and crystallised the religious views of the Vedas and Vedantas, and so far from encouraging anyone to hope that Buddhism will pass away from Japan, or from any other of its homes, I announce my conviction that it will remain here long enough to reconcile its sublime declarations with the lofty ethics of Christianity and with the discoveries of Science, and will be for all of you who love and serve the East no enemy, but a potent, necessary, and constant ally.”

History seems to indicate that the Latin races, heirs of imperial Rome, are scarcely able to retain the leadership of the western world. Byzantium, Venice, Spain, France, each in its turn, enjoyed supreme recognition. Now it would appear to be the destiny of the Anglo-Teutonic families, represented by Great Britain, the United States, and Germany, to claim precedence in contemporary history. The

Slave is watching and preparing to come to the front should the Teutonic races fall back in their civilising mission. But behind the Slave is the Mongolian, to whom patience is almost a religion. What destiny history has in store for him lies concealed in the womb of time. The Marquis Tseng,* formerly ambassador to the Court of St. James', in an article previously quoted, uses these pregnant words:—
“China will surely and leisurely proceed. . . . The world is not so near its end, that she need hurry, nor the circles of the sun so nearly done, that she will not have time to play the role assigned to her, in the work of nations.”

APPENDIX.

A WRITER in the *Morning Post* of January 28th, 1890, gives some extracts from the *Chinese Times* with reference to the present financial position of the Empire.

A Chinese Budget is a novelty, so far, at least, as the Western world is concerned, and an interesting novelty, too, in its way. It is not, as most people are aware, the practice of the Celestial Government to publish an annual statement of its income and expenditure for the information of the people after the fashion of more progressive countries; for the Finance Minister of the Brother of the Sun and Moon is in the happy position of being accountable to no one save his Imperial Master for the revenues of the State. Still, the official estimates prepared come under the cognisance of the Peking Board of Control; and based upon the figures there available the *Chinese Times* gives us, for the first time, what may be regarded as an authoritative summary of the ways and means of the Dragon Empire. From the official returns made, it is estimated that the actual imperial revenue of China amounts to 85,000,000 taels, or, roundly speaking, £21,250,000 per annum—not an extravagant sum by any means when the extent of the Empire and its enormous population are taken into

* Since the above has been in type, the death of this distinguished diplomatist has been announced.

account. The chief items of income are the Maritime Customs, which yield just under £4,000,000; the opium duty, which yields about £2,000,000; the Inland Customs, from which £1,125,000 are derived; the "Likin," which stands for £3,200,000; salt, which is responsible for another £3,200,000; the land tax, furnishing some £2,600,000; the tea tax, yielding £450,000; salt merchants' tax, £320,000; pawn-brokers' licenses, £180,000; and duties on sundries amounting in all to about £4,000,000. This £21,250,000 is the sum which, it is calculated, reaches the Imperial Exchequer, but it is believed that nearly twice as much is actually raised from the people by the provincial officials, the moiety being absorbed by these functionaries, for local purposes they assert, though it is to be presumed a goodly proportion sticks to the fingers of these personages. As regards waste that is alleged to go on in the provinces, it would be unfair to assert that the whole of the difference between the amount levied and that which reaches the Imperial Exchequer is lost to the people. The Chinese are quite content that a portion of the official "squeezeings" should find its way to the pockets of their provincial administrators, but, as the *North China Herald* remarks *à propos* of the matter, they are pretty sharp in seeing that a reasonable part is actually spent in the locality where the money is raised.

After the foregoing statement of revenue it will probably surprise most people in this country to learn that the great bulk of the Chinese people pay absolutely no taxes whatever, and contribute absolutely nothing to the expenditure of the state. This is a feature of the Chinese fiscal system which, for some inexplicable reason, has never been referred to by any of the many authors who have written about the Celestial Empire and its government. It is really only within the past six or eight months that this feature of the Chinese system of taxation has attracted the attention of an outsider, the United States Minister at Peking, who deemed it so remarkable by reason of its contrast to modes in vogue elsewhere, that he addressed a communication on the subject to the Washington Government. In China there is absolutely no tax on personalty, and only one tax on land. The system of raising funds for the needs of the Government has been brought to its present shape in the course of many centuries, and operates in a very simple way. Take Peking, the capital, which, in respect of taxation, is typical of Chinese cities generally. Inside the city there is no tax whatever on land, house, or personal property. Goods brought through the gates of the town pay a "Likin" tax, a

sort of octroi duty, but are exempt afterwards. The only impost paid in connection with real property is the duty on transfer from one party to another. When a change of property is registered before the registrar at the magistrates "Ya-men," the purchaser receives a "red deed," for which he pays 10 per cent, of the value of property transferred to him. But even this exaction is not uniform, since it is said it can be reduced, or even evaded altogether by official influence. And, further, a transfer can be made by "white deed" without any payment whatever, but the property stands in the original owner's name, so that it resembles rather a mortgage than sale outright. The only contributions besides this levied in the city are the pawnbrokers' license-fees of about £12 10s. per annum, wine-dealers' licenses about £12 a year, and other shops according to size. Pedlars pay nothing, carters and donkey drivers a fifth of 1 per cent. on their fares, which goes to the police for repairing roads and lighting the streets. But this is really an official "squeeze" rather than a tax properly so called. The fact remains that in the capital, as in all Chinese cities, the bulk of the people pay not axes whatever. The "man who owns his house and his lot, and his implements of labour, enjoys his earnings without toll or deduction" of any kind. The British ratepayer will probably be inclined to envy the position, in this respect, of the Chinese townsmen.

In the provinces, in the "Fu" or Prefecture, the bulk of the residents are similarly exempt from taxation. The case of the Prefecture of "Shuntien-fu," in which Peking is situated, is typical of the rural districts under direct departmental control. The only direct contribution such districts make to the imperial Exchequer is in the form of a land tax paid to the provincial or departmental magistrates. But this land tax is far from being levied on land or house property of every kind. It is entirely and solely levied upon arable land, all other real property being exempt. And even on arable land the tax is not always alike, but is strictly proportioned to its quality and producing power, so as to render its incidence fair and equitable to those engaged in any of the many branches of husbandry followed by the Chinese. The land is carefully surveyed by special officers appointed for the purpose from time to time, and returned as good or inferior in quality, high or low in situation, and the tax apportioned according to the crop-producing capabilities gauged in this way. It varies thus from 6d. to 6s. an acre. Beyond this impost on land, the rural and provincial cultivators pay nothing whatever in the shape of taxes. Outside the capital, Peking,

Chinese who are not "bannermen," that is, liable to military service, may be called out when deemed needful to repair roads, and convey chairs when the Emperor visits the locality, or other high functionaries of state travel through the country—but for a mere trifle exemptions can be secured. In other parts of China, the people have to help in shipping the annual tribute of rice and salt. In these cases the locality sends the quota of men needful, all liable to the service subscribing to pay the labourers so engaged. But the land tax for the whole empire reaches only, as the figures given at the outset show, the comparatively insignificant total of about £2,500,000 so that its incidence can scarcely weigh heavily upon the native agricultural interest. Beyond this amount, the revenue of the empire is derived exclusively from the salt monopoly, the "Likin," maritime and inland customs, and the proceeds of the sale of honours and dignities. To this absence of taxation of the body of the people it is, perhaps, only fair to ascribe the permanence of the Celestial government and the general tranquillity and contentment of the Chinese race; and many will, no doubt, agree with the United States Minister at Peking that the lesson of taxation the Celestials teach might be profitably studied by more than one of the states in the so-called civilised world.

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&c., &c., &c.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE LABOUR QUESTION.

IN the year 1778 there died at Ermenonville, in France, a poor erratic philosopher. He wrote *Du Contrat Social* (The Social Contract). Crude and archaic as his propositions now seem to us, they went far to create that social upheaval known as the first French Revolution. With cruel sarcasm it was observed that while the first edition of the volume was ridiculed by those in power in the France of the Bourbons, the second edition was bound in the very hides of the adverse critics. Jean Jacques Rousseau, born in Geneva, son of a watchmaker, inhaling the atmosphere of the free Swiss canton, obtained what learning he could in his native city, and, after a chequered career, in 1753, at the Academy of Dijon, provoked considerable discussion by a paper which he read, entitled "Sur l'origine de l'inégalité parmi les hommes." The philosopher was then training for his masterpiece, *The Social Contract*. In this work he makes the following remarks :—

If we wish to form a durable state of affairs, do not let us think that we can render that state eternal. To succeed, we must never attempt the impossible, nor flatter ourselves that we can give to the work of man a permanency which never exists in mundane affairs. The political corpus, just as a human body, commences to die from the moment of its birth, and carries within itself the cause of its own destruction ; both the one and the other may have a constitution more or less robust and may be preserved for a longer or a shorter period. The constitution of the human being is the work of nature. The con-

stitution of a State is the work of art. It is not entirely in the power of a human being to prolong his own life; and it is only possible to prolong the life of a State by giving it the best constitution that can possibly be framed. The best constitution, however, will break up sooner or later, if an unforeseen accident does not cause its destruction before its ripened time. The principle of political life is in the sovereign authority; legislative power is the heart of the State; the executive power is in the brain, which gives movement to all the parts. The brain may become paralysed, and yet the body may live. A man becomes a lunatic and yet lives; but the moment the heart ceases its function the animal is dead.

More than a hundred years have passed away since the philosopher of Geneva wrote what he fondly anticipated would rejuvenate mankind. Since that period empires have risen and fallen, kingdoms have been swept away and kingdoms have been created. Europe has been again and again in the throes of social and political revolution; new nations have sprung into existence, the greatest giant of them all, the United States, on the other side of the Atlantic, whose people have endeavoured to purge themselves of all the errors of their progenitors, and with a bounteous soil, boundless resources, a constant influx of virile elements from the older world, inheriting the best instincts of its great Anglo-Saxon parent, launched themselves into national existence with every prospect of securing absolute social happiness.

The discriminating critic will see, however, in the independence of the new Republic a triumph of British prowess rather than a humiliation. Let it not be forgotten that the monarch and governors of Great Britain, at the period of the struggle with the American Colonies, scoured the European continent for foreign levies to fight against the sons of English yeomen, the offspring of the early colonists; and in the defeat of these mercenaries American independence was in reality a British moral and physical triumph.

What marvellous changes have taken place in the domain

of inventive science! The seas are crossed during this eventful century in as many days as formerly required months. We traverse distances by land in almost as many hours as our grandfathers did in days. In the words of Shakespeare's Ariel, a girdle has been placed round the earth in forty minutes. We can speak more rapidly with the Antipodes than we could in the early days of the century between Liverpool and Birkenhead. There is no event taking place in any part of the civilised globe—whether it be in India, China, Australia, or in America—that is not at once recorded to us almost the very hour it occurs. The operative and wage-earning classes of to-day are in possession of better and later information of the ephemeral history of mankind than the cabinet minister was in the last century. We ask the sun to be our limner. The unerring record of photography preserves for us now permanently, what were formerly fleeting incidents. Sound is transmitted from city to city, even the echoes of the human voice are being stored up for future information. Food supplies are drawn from every clime and every zone, and we were laying the flattering unction to our soul that at last we were approaching an era of human contentment! What a humiliation for mankind that from the shores of that new Republic—having had all the advantages of a bounteous soil, free education, political liberty, an absolute freedom from extraneous wars and foreign interference, a century after poor Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote his *Social Contract*—an American should write an epoch-making book, a volume that commands the attention of mankind, bewailing the miseries of humankind. Now what does Henry George tell us in his introductory chapter of *Progress and Poverty*? He writes :—

More or less vague or clear, these have been the hopes, these the dreams born of the improvements which give this wonderful century its pre-eminence. They have sunk so deeply into the popular mind

as to radically change the currents of thought, to recast creeds and displace the most fundamental conceptions. The haunting visions of higher possibilities have not merely gathered splendour and vividness, but their direction has changed; instead of seeing behind the faint tinges of an expiring sunset all the glory of the daybreak has decked the skies before. It is true that disappointment has followed disappointment, and that discovery upon discovery, and invention after invention have neither lessened the toil of those who most need respite nor brought plenty to the poor. But there have been so many things to which it seemed this failure could be laid, that up to our time the new faith as hardly weakened. We have better appreciated the difficulties to be overcome, but not the less trusted that the tendency of the times was to overcome them. Now, however, we are coming into collision with facts which there can be no mistaking. From all parts of the civilised world come complaints of industrial depression, of labour condemned to involuntary idleness, of capital massed and wasting, of pecuniary distress among business men, of want and suffering and anxiety among the working classes. All the dull, deadening pain, all the keen maddening anguish that to great masses of men are involved in the words "hard times," afflict the world to-day. This state of things, common to communities differing so widely in situation, in political institutions, in fiscal and financial systems, in density of population, and in social organisation, can hardly be accounted for by local causes.

How the words of the philosopher of Geneva ring in our ears!—"No perfect system has ever yet been discovered in human affairs." In that revered old book, containing the *Divina Istoria*, we find recorded the history of a people who "*trekked*" from Egypt, dissatisfied with the social and political organisation of the land of the Pharaohs. In our days the Transvaal people trekked from British South Africa and formed a State of their own; and if British South Africa had been as debased and as priest-ridden as ancient Egypt was, and the people of the Transvaal possessed a written language, whilst the Cape people used only hieroglyphics, a later generation might have had a singular record of their exodus from out the British dominions. These old *trekkers*

from the land of Egypt were granted a constitution that was promised to endure for all time. The political experiment, however, was not a success, because, possibly, some of the conditions made by the inceptor of their new social and communal organisation were not fulfilled. They were enjoined to avoid a one-man power, yet later on they yearned for a government in accordance with their environment, which gave them temporary triumphs, but led to their political destruction.

We might have had another example of what ought to have been a perfect social and communal success in the States of the Church in Italy, governed as they were for more than fifteen centuries by many pious and benevolently disposed ecclesiastical rulers, who succeeded to one of the fragments of the Roman Empire. They had every chance of proving to the world the possible existence of a model State. They had better elements of success than the Semitic wanderers into Canaan, for these had hostile tribes to combat with, and were isolated, and opposed to the rest of the world in their form of worship; whilst the holy fathers of the Church had, until the fifteenth century, all Europe with them. They had absolute governorship; they could eject all indigestible elements; they governed according to their own theories; and again mankind had to witness an utter communal break down. Spain governed itself according to Spanish ideas, rejected every element from its midst that it thought impeded the working out of its destiny according to its own views; another utter breakdown and failure. In South America, a small state, Paraguay, was governed by pious and benevolent Christian brothers, who, to the best of their judgment, endeavoured to create a model state among human beings. This also broke down.

If we survey mankind from the earliest historical records to the present day, we are almost forced to the conclusion

(despite the Cassandra-like complaints that reach us from various quarters of this island) that, with all the failings, with all the evident social and political anomalies of Great Britain, if the world were to terminate its existence with the twentieth century, perhaps the least unsatisfactory record of the attempt of human beings to form for themselves a society for mutual benefit and protection would be that of this little island—the mother of all the great English-speaking communities throughout this planet. Our modern thinkers have many advantages over the poor philosopher of Geneva! When Rousseau lived, the area and sphere of information was to some extent bounded by the lines of the *Litera Scripta* of the Semitic people that trekked from Egypt, the records of the Hellenes, and those of the great Roman Empire. But since the deciphering of the hieroglyphics of Egypt; since our fuller acquaintance with the Mongolian and Buddhistic literature of India and China, our historical knowledge has been very much enlarged. As children, who thought that if they could but ascend to the top of a very high building they could touch the skies, and who, when they had reached the summit of the edifice, find that the celestial spheres are further off than ever,—so it is with us to-day. We have ascended a very mountain of information, and yet we are only at the fringe of metaphysical and historical inquiry.

When I visited, some years ago, the Museum of Boulak, in Egypt, wonder-struck at the vivid relics of an exuberant civilisation that existed before the earliest written records of the so-called “chosen people,” I wished for the power of the anatomist who, when the bone of an extinct animal was shown to him, could in imagination reconstruct the entire corpus. I endeavoured in my mind’s-eye to draw a picture of the struggles between Capital and Labour that were going on in the Egypt of

those days, for there was much misery among the labouring classes of the population. The governing caste evidently attempted to make experiments either to improve the condition of the masses or to stifle the voices of their discontent. I could almost conjure up the vision of the Semitic Prime Minister, Joseph, grappling with the financial difficulties engendered by alternate years of famine and of plenty; finding an impoverished peasant proprietary reduced to the verge of starvation, and endeavouring to make some experiments in Socialism. We find it recorded that when the people were starving, Joseph substituted the state (Pharaoh) for the individual ownership of the peasants themselves. The prime minister bought up the lands of all the people, and made the state (Pharaoh) the one landlord of the country, much after the fashion advocated by Mr. Henry George, and Pharaoh had to conciliate the church of the Egyptians; for did not Joseph buy up all the lands of the people? "Only the land of the priests bought he not; for the priests had a portion assigned them of Pharaoh, and did eat their portion which Pharaoh gave them—wherefore they sold not their lands."*

The church seems at all times to have been a powerful institution, and the Semitic prime minister, although he may not have seen eye-to-eye with the Egyptian priesthood, was bound to respect what seems evidently to have been a preserving force in the social organisation of that cradle of ancient civilisation. Whoever has visited the Boulak Museum will read the ancient records not less respectfully nor less affectionately than he did before; but he cannot fail to read them from a standpoint different from that which he has hitherto occupied.

Darwin, the great light of the latter half of the nineteenth century, does afford us a help to look backwards.

* Genesis xlvii, 22.

We find the various phases in the development of human beings which the great English philosopher describes as "evolution," "survival of the fittest," "environment," and "natural selection," always at work in the social and political organism of human society. Man, a gregarious animal, has a tendency to combine with his species, and thus to form families or clusters of human beings. Those who studied the series of human habitations, that were so admirably constructed in the Universal Exposition of Paris last year, would obtain an object lesson in the various stages of humanity. We saw first the incipient stage, showing the tribal form of society; then factious combats existed between the different tribes, until the weakest had to succumb, and those best fitted to survive asserted themselves. Natural selection seemed to cause those tribes most fitted for companionship, to group themselves into larger families, a nation being the result. National life, in its early stages, appears always to have been influenced by the holy man. The pre-disposition of humanity was at all times to reverence the mysterious, the environment of ever-occurring death could not fail to have impressed the rudest of the early tribes with the question as to what would become of the silent lifeless being who might perhaps at one time have been their leader in battle, their councillor in peace, or their friend in distress. Thus the occupation of the holy man commenced at a very early period; but holy men had not the physical power in themselves to coerce into obedience refractory members of even the tribal form of society; the holy man and the strong man, therefore, had to enter into a sort of partnership in those remote days, and between them the priest and the soldier divided the good things of this world. It was only given to later generations to increase the area of that partnership, when the merchant and the manufacturer claimed to get into the inner circle of

governing bodies. But in these very latest days we are forcibly reminded that the partnership has still to be enlarged. The rapid spread of education and intelligence has brought in another element. The man with muscle wishes also to enjoy some of the posts, positions of honour, and advantages which the holy man, the soldier, the early landowner, the merchant and the manufacturer have enjoyed hitherto ; and if we are wise we must face the position, and *sine ira et studio* carefully enter the path of conciliation, enlarge the area of governing forces, and examine in a friendly and benevolent attitude, what this new Fourth Estate has to demand from those who are already in possession, and try to ascertain what the all absorbing problems of the relations of capital and labour will effect for the future of mankind. Let us remember the words of Jean Jacques Rousseau :—

If we wish to form a durable state of affairs, do not let us attempt to make it eternal. To succeed we must not attempt the impossible, nor flatter ourselves that we can give to the work of man a permanency which never exists in mundane affairs.

Mankind has made healthy advances since mediæval days. Feudalism picked up the shattered fragments of the old Roman Empire, and rendered some service to civilisation by bridging over the so-called middle ages, until a new form of society was evolved, which is now perceptibly developing into a democracy—a democracy which we must endeavour, according to the best of our lights, to bring into harmony with the better traditions of the past. So long as feudalism was rampant, war and bloodshed seem to have been the normal condition of the relations between puny potentates and little village communities. Most of these early struggles are lost to history and buried in oblivion, though this continual state of strife tended considerably to diminish popula-

tion. With the gradual development of larger states petty warfare became less frequent; and such incidents as the Thirty Years' War, and the Seven Years' War, carried on as they were by professional soldiers, were in the aggregate much less destructive to human life than the incessant raids of border knights and princelets, with their constant slaughter of men.

Looking back into the records of the ancient Scriptures, we observe Joshua warring with thirty-one independent kings, irrespective of their internecine wars with each other; and when we take into consideration that the area of Palestine (which contained the whole thirty-one kingdoms) was not greater in extent than the Principality of Wales, we can readily imagine what the unrecorded conflicts of early Europe resembled. The gradual absorption of puny potentates under the suzerainty of greater sovereigns, tended in the one sure direction, namely, the steady increase of population in Europe; whilst, on the other hand, the soil which brought forth the supplies remained always a fixed quantity; and thus generated the commencement of what we term agrarian difficulties. The ground producing the food remained stationary, the mouths requiring to be fed were ever on the increase. Happily for civilisation, when human life became more secure, and strife and discord reduced to narrower limits, the arts and sciences began to be cradled into existence; the properties of the magnetic needle were discovered. The finding of the New World by Columbus afforded, as it were, a temporary safety-valve to the ever-increasing and overburdened peasantry in Europe; the art of printing was ushered into existence; the use of gunpowder in warfare levelled all distinctions between the cavalier and the mere thrall, so far as immunity from personal danger was concerned. Until this period the mail-clad knights had advantages on the battle-field of which

the rank and file were not possessed. Thus, paradoxical as it may appear, the invention of this destructive explosive added its quota to lessening in some degree the sacrifice of human life, inasmuch as hand-to-hand conflicts do not now so often as formerly decide the issue of a campaign.

So long as the tiller of the soil was intellectually little better informed than the flocks and herds he tended, and knew nothing of the world beyond his native village, he was content to believe, when famine and pestilence ravaged the land, that it was his duty to suffer. He prayed to his saint for protection, but rarely thought of human means to relieve himself of one or the other. A sanitary engineer, lately visiting Asia Minor, found that large portions of an important and populous city were from time to time decimated by typhus fever, and other pestilential maladies. It was the custom of the inhabitants to assemble periodically—some in their mosques, some in their churches, some in their synagogues—to pray that the ever-recurring periods of sickness might be averted. But this man of science, after examining the sources of the contagion, sarcastically observed to the governor of the city, “The prayers of your citizens may be good enough, but a thorough system of sewerage, and a large supply of carbolic acid, would be better!”

When the introduction of the printing press placed the means of knowledge within the reach of the humblest, then it was that gross ignorance gave way to intelligence; ruler and peasant began to understand that it was not the holy man alone that had the monopoly of book learning, and thus began the gradual process of levelling-up. When in our own day, the son of the illiterate ex-serf of eastern Europe develops into a reading man, even Russia begins to find that the peasant has to be reckoned with.

Thus civilised society in all parts of the world has to contend with new problems. The latter-day school of

political economists endeavours to come to our rescue ; but political economy cannot be considered an exact science. If human beings were automata, given laws would yield absolutely certain results. But human nature enters into rivalry with political economy, and humanity is to a great extent influenced as much by sentiment as by the rules of political economists. If two landowners have adjoining estates, the one having an only son, the other an only daughter, political economy might teach the advantage of an alliance. But if the heiress refuses to accept the heir of the adjoining estate, and prefers a young officer, sentiment has defeated the canons of economical prudence. See how fondly the Esquimaux and the Laplanders cling to their ice-bound region where nothing but misery stares them in the face, though emigration to lands further south, where there is ample room for them, would enable them to thrive in comparative luxury and comfort ! See with what laudable patriotism the brave and sturdy Hollanders cling to the marshes and polders rescued by their own energy from the very sea itself ! Statesmen have found that they dare not eliminate the element of sentiment from their calculations.

Happily for Great Britain we were, for a long period, the handicraftsmen and manufacturers for the principal communities of the Old and New World. We gave our wage-earning population ample employment at the loom and the anvil, and in our mines, whilst the pursuit of agriculture became a secondary, not a chief calling. A new evolution seems to be looming in the near future. We now have rivals in the Old World and the New. We have taught them the use of machines, of which at one time we were almost the monopolists. Our industrial population, ever on the increase, has to compete with the productions of rival manufacturers, and our agricultural interests are adversely influenced by the produce of the boundless domains of the

United States, Canada, India, and the Argentine Republic, where rents are either nominal, or where the tiller is at the same time the owner of the soil. Hence we have two problems, instead of one before us—the manufacturing question and the agrarian question. We can only face these problems with modest aspirations; for we are bound to make the confession, that it is improbable that a rough-and-ready remedy, and an immediate solution of difficulties which have, so to say, grown upon us, can at once be found. Perhaps in the end these important questions may be solved by that great principle of compromise, which has always proved the social and political salvation of our great empire.

It may not be unwise to enquire whether analogous difficulties have not been confronted elsewhere and in other countries. We may study how they have grappled with similar problems; and we may decide for ourselves whether the solution attained there is one for us to avoid or to imitate, or whether it may not be possible to improve upon their methods, and adopt others more in attune with our national idiosyncracies.

Much of the acerbity of the agrarian portion of the capital and labour problem, is diminished when the landowner and the cultivator of the soil are of the same form of religious belief. Sentiment often effects the solution which political economists are at a loss to devise. How different was the case of France in the century before the Revolution, when the seigneurs or landowners were all, or mostly, Voltaireans; whilst the people were still devout Catholics—the bond of sympathy between lord and peasant was snapped, and the social upheaval drove the owners of the soil to a great extent from the land. The relative positions in France, however, have since been reversed. The people, who are now largely, the absolute owners of the soil, have greatly relaxed from their ancient form of simple piety, whereas the few

original landowners who have been permitted to remain, and the *noblesse* of France generally, have become more devout than ever. The agrarian question in England, we venture to hope, will not become acute, so long as there is identity in national and religious sympathy between the owners of the land and their tenantry. If, however, this link of common sentiment be broken, we cannot hope to escape the experiences of other countries.

Has this boasted nineteenth century effected any change at all for the better? Have all the advantages of popular literature and popular culture brought no real, tangible advantage in their train? I venture to think they have. We can now do what was virtually impossible a few centuries ago, that is to say, we can conduct the most divergent, the most conflicting, nay, even exciting discussions with those who are utterly opposed to our own opinions, calmly and peacefully. In the middle ages, if a man argued with his neighbour, and they could not agree, he knocked his neighbour down. The poet Heine gives a powerful illustration of this mediæval method, in his poem "The Disputation." When a man hated his opponent's arguments he hated his opponent. The *argumentum* was as a rule directed against the *hominem* as well. To-day we hold in greater reverence the physical well-being even of our opponents. In the great council of the British empire, men, who in principle are utterly at variance with each other, are perhaps in many cases personally friendly disposed towards one another. The greatest opponent of Mr. Bradlaugh's principles would do him no personal injury. We have happily attained to this standpoint, that men are taught to respect each other, with the result that principles, only, have to combat, not as with the puny potentates of the middle ages, when human beings destroyed each other. Surely this is a great gain. Moreover, all the tendency of modern civilisation

is to protect minorities—to defend the physically weak against the strong, and by dint of legal enactments to give the minorities inalienable rights. Society makes laws for its own general protection ; and individuals, however much they may personally object to those laws, have either to conform to them, or to choose another form of society which is more in accordance with their aspirations, or in a peaceable manner obtain a revocation of those enactments. In return for the self-denial which many social laws impose upon us, we secure protection for life and for our savings ; and we can within those prescribed laws accumulate property, and devise that which we have accumulated to those we wish to benefit. As a matter of course we can discuss social questions pertaining to our own welfare, with practical benefit, only with those who agree with us on certain fundamental principles. These principles are, respect for a recognised authority ; that whilst that authority is recognised we dare not arbitrarily set up another authority ; that we recognise the right of labour to its repose at periodical intervals ; that we recognise the unity of society in “fatherhood and motherhood,” and that the union of parentage is entitled to respect of the offspring ; that human life is to be held sacred ; that the position of widowed woman is to be respected and fenced round by recognised forms of social enactments ; that what a man has acquired should be irrevocably and inalienably his own, unless required by the *force majeure* of the State, which would compensate him ; that all should be equal before the law ; and, finally, that every man should enjoy his own, without being envied by his neighbour, or, in the legal phrase, without let or hindrance. These are principles which have been adopted by most human families, and familiarised by the *lex scripta* of the Semitic people that wandered from Egypt.

These ethics were to some extent adopted by the Egyptians themselves, as revealed to us by their scrolls

of papyri. One might venture to speculate that the Phœnicians, a neighbouring people to the Jews, taught some of the social ethics of the latter to the early Greeks, and that Numa Pompilius, the law-giver of the early Roman people, was not altogether uninfluenced by contact with early Phœnician merchants and adventurers. There is, perhaps, a much greater affinity between the early myths of the settlers of the Isles of Greece, and the people who inhabited the mainland opposite than appears at first sight. For example, the Jubal of the one, seems the same personage as Apollo; their Tvulkan (or, as we Anglicise it, Tubal-cain), seems the same as Vulcan; and a coincidence in both is that the sister in the one is "Naama"—beautiful; in the other "Aphrodite," or Venus, the beautiful. In the wild tribal period of both nations' existence there is a weird story, in the one, of eleven tribes waging war with the twelfth, originating through human frailty; in the other, the Hellenes, we have the immortal epic of the tribes of Greece warring against Troy, the cause being another form of human passion. Thus the early groups of civilised people appear to have evolved a certain fundamental code for the regulation of human society, from the rough outlines of which we have not hitherto departed very much. Our ethics may have improved; our aspirations may have been idealised, and our lights increased by a Moses, by an Ezekiel, by a Socrates, by a Buddha, by a Jesus, by a Spinoza, and, in our day, by a Darwin. Yet the rough hewn social landmarks seem to have descended to us from generation to generation.

Within the last half century, however, we have heard teachings altogether at variance with the social ethics to which society has been accustomed. M. Proudhon launched into the world in 1840 a volume entitled *Qu'est ce que La Propriété*, in which he lays down this principle—"Qu'est ce que La Propriété? C'est le vol. ("What is property? It

is theft.") M. Proudhon through three hundred and fifty pages endeavours to prove the impropriety of holding property at all. Proposition first deals with the question that property is impossible, because it asks something from nothing ; proposition the second, that property is impossible because where it is admitted production costs more than it is worth ; thirdly, that property is impossible because with a given capital, production is the result of work and not the result of property ; fourthly, property is impossible because it is homicide ; fifthly, property is impossible, because with it society devours itself. (There is an appendix to the fifth proposition on the organisation of labour, the inequality of society, and pauperism.) In the sixth proposition, he maintains that property is the mother of tyranny ; in the seventh, he maintains that property is impossible because in consuming that which it receives, it loses it, that in saving it conceals it, that in capitalising it it becomes opposed to production ; eighthly, that property is impossible, because its power of accumulation is infinite, and that it only makes use of it, for infinite quantities ; ninthly, that property is impossible because it is powerless against property ; tenthly, that property is impossible, because it is the negation of equality. Proudhon, a great thinker, is a man to whom one would willingly give credit for honestly desiring to improve his species. But with him and his school of thought it seems impossible to argue, inasmuch as his entire theory of the social system subverts that which has been the common inheritance of forty centuries ; it pre-supposes the negation of the great fundamental principles which have so long guided mankind. If the followers of M. Proudhon's school could purchase some island in the Pacific, or take a tract of land in the interior of Africa, and work out their destinies according to their own theories ; and if after the lapse of a century's experience the world should find a

contented, sober, and orderly community, the new theorists would then afford a practical illustration of the superiority of their ideal over the old inherited form of social arrangements. But it is manifestly undesirable to subvert a form of society which for good or evil has existed so long, only to undertake a new experiment in the working out of the salvation of human kind, without some guarantee that the new form would be more successful than the old one.

Another remarkable work is by Karl Marx, called *Das Elend der Philosophie*, being a reply to M. Proudhon's work on *The Philosophy of Misery*. Karl Marx was the founder of a large and increasing school of German political economists, and author of *Das Kapital*—perhaps he is the father of the so-called modern school of Socialism. He endeavours to combat Proudhon, but his theories are likewise subversive of many of our traditional institutions, and, whilst differing in detail from the French philosopher, his method of material salvation is an almost negation of individuality on the part of wage-earners. A well-known English journalist,* who spent a portion of time in one of her Majesty's prisons, observed that one of those institutions gave him the best object lesson in practical Socialism. Every man had an equal cell, he was well cared for, well clothed, had sufficient food, warmth, exercise, and everything that could conduce to health and longevity; the one thing absent was liberty of the subject. One need not enlarge upon the circumstance that that one deprivation counterbalanced all the privations arising from free and independent life.

Whilst the theories of Proudhon have already been relegated to the limbo of platonic speculation, the teachings of Karl Marx are obtaining an ever-widening circle of followers; in England Lewis Morris and his school seem to follow the German economist; whilst Proudhon half

* Mr. Stead.

hints at physical force as a means to carry his views into practice, and argues excitedly, Karl Marx is cool and collected, is utterly opposed to any other method than that of argument, reason, organisation, and combination. Karl Marx divides society into three distinct groups. The first he calls the aristocratic group, which he seems to define as consisting of landowners who do no work on the soil, professional fighting men, professional holy men, holders of sinecure offices and rentiers, or people living on rents and dividends. The second, he calls the bourgeoisie, consisting of bankers, merchants, traders and manufacturers; and the third group he terms the proletariat, or wage-earners. Karl Marx proceeds to show that during the latter half of the nineteenth century the bourgeoisie, or what we term the middle classes, have step by step acquired the preponderating portion of the good things of this world, and more than their fair share of the direction of the affairs of mankind; that they have done this with the aid of the proletariat, whom they have used, as it were, to draw the chestnuts from the fire; that, bit by bit, the possessions and privileges of the aristocratic group have been diminished, mainly in favour of the bourgeoisie group. Whilst he observes the proletariat remain just as they were centuries ago, with nothing but their wages and their offspring, without possessions, and without a lucrative share in the affairs of the world. Karl Marx teaches the wage-earners, and this is more accentuated by Ferdinand Lassalle, to form a group irrespective, and outside the spheres of activity, of either the aristocratic or the bourgeoisie faction; to adopt identically the same modes and methods that the middle classes adopted during the past fifty years in securing their present wealth and position; to organise and to combine only for their own interests, and in the inevitable conflict between the interests of the aristocratic group and the group of the bourgeoisie,

the proletariat will hold the balance of power; and without forming an alliance they can offer the power of their organisation, to whichever group will bid the highest, and eventually become themselves the arbiters or masters of the future destiny of society.

Karl Marx inveighs against the tendency of the extreme application of division of labour, which he indicates works as much moral loss as it produces economical gain. He points out that the workman who is constantly making screws or nails of one pattern throughout the whole of his existence, is not possessed of the moral fibre of the old village blacksmith, whose work is constantly diversified; nor is the man or woman who is perpetually weaving grey cloth (our ordinary calico) as healthful in body and mind, as the mediæval handweaver, whose occupation was varied; or the worker in wood, who may be constantly engaged in a factory in making window frames or deck chairs, as bright as the craftsman of former years, whose artistic tastes were developed by the manifold cabinet work, which from time to time employed not only his hands, but his intellect as well.

Adam Smith foresaw, at the inception of factory labour, some of its moral weakening effect, and Say, the distinguished French economist, absolutely admits it.

Karl Marx endeavours to show his disciples that, if anything, the proprietors of large industrial establishments have interests more markedly antagonistic to those of the proletariat or wage-earning classes, than those of the old feudal lord to his peasantry. They both wanted to exact from the physical force of the labourer as much personal gain as they could with as little cost to themselves; whilst in feudal times the labourers had more open air, and healthful physical exercise. Further, that whatever rights the bourgeoisie conferred upon the proletariat, the immediate object seems

to have been to wrest wealth and influence from the aristocratic faction, rather than to enrich the wage-earners and to give them a full partnership in executive management.*

Germany is perhaps the country most immediately affected by Karl Marx' teachings, because, owing to the enjoyment of a long period of universal compulsory education, the wage-earner there is as educated as his employer. The German proletariat, however, were always imbued with patriotic virtues, and owing to the constant dread of a Gallic invasion, they postponed their aspirations until they had achieved a united national existence, secure from the danger of attack by foreign Cæsars. During the last few years, however, the French and German wage-earners seem to consider their interests identical, and mutual respect has created mutual goodwill. The consoling theory that certain methods were continental, and un-English, seems now to be unavailable. So long as a proportion of our artisans and wage-earning classes were absolutely illiterate, and a proportion of our bourgeoisie were untravelled, they were indeed insular in their methods; but school boards and cheap foreign travelling during the past twenty years have effected a palpable change in our habits and modes of thought. The organs of public opinion abroad keenly criticised the excited state of this country during a recent trial of an interesting female prisoner charged with poisoning her husband, which was so unlike the once phlegmatic Briton, and it was observed that a portion of our population had fairly emulated their Gallican neighbours in their emotional sympathies. Again, the interest evinced by Englishmen, more than any other continental people, in the Ober-Ammergau plays, which would have scarcely been credible abroad a generation ago, is also commented upon by social critics.

* See *Das Elend der Philosophie*, page 180.

A more practical German leader, who, next to Karl Marx, did most to influence the rise of German Socialism, was Ferdinand Lassalle. He is chiefly known to English readers through the *Tragic Comedians*, in which George Meredith has told the story of his last days and violent death. He wrote a monumental work entitled *Das System der Erworbenen Rechte*, or "The System of Acquired Rights." Unfortunately, Lassalle died comparatively young, having been killed in a duel. Prince Bismark, the great founder of the German Empire, and, indirectly, the present intelligent and well-meaning ruler of the German people as well, admits that he was not a little influenced by his contact with Lassalle. Ferdinand Lassalle adduces no vain theories without endeavouring as far as possible to give satisfactory reasons for his views, and points out how they may be carried out in practice. He argues his position step by step, and always commands respect for his keen and logical conclusions. He is not disrespectful to healthy ancient institutions; he tries to discover how these can be dovetailed into a new state of affairs sympathetic with the objects of the great wage-earning masses of the German people. He, however, left his work more than half unfinished, and, although he wrote upwards of twenty different treatises, still he was at the mere inception of a probably brilliant career. In the many attempts of the ex-Chancellor to legislate for the benefit of the German operative classes, Bismark frequently quotes the opinions of Ferdinand Lassalle.

There seems a golden thread running throughout Lassalle's arguments—that mankind have hitherto wasted too much time upon metaphysical questions of another world, neglecting the imperative requirements of physical life upon this planet; that holy men have too much worried themselves about the future spiritual condition of mankind,

and thought too little of man's material welfare in the present; that they have erected stupendous ecclesiastical fanes and magnificent monuments of art, but have allowed reeking lanes and festering alleys to exist about them, altogether neglecting the simplest laws of sanitation; that, as we see in many parts of southern Italy, Spain, and Russia, churches are surrounded by abodes of filth and pestilence, dirt and disease, and that the jewels that bedeck many a Saint or Icon would purchase a plentiful supply of fresh water, and procure a proper system of sewerage and ventilation. Whilst these good men, evidently with the best intentions, worked for an everlasting state of bliss, roads were neglected, the supply of water was non-existent, and the elements of hygiene were ignored. Lassalle does not even reproach them for this, for he observed, "the teachers were little better informed than those they had to teach." Happily now, in all civilised communities, the spiritual opinions of human beings are placed outside the sphere of practical legislation. It may be imperative that a man should believe in the correctness of the theory of the multiplication table, for if we were to assume that ten times five were a hundred, all our calculating arrangements would be at fault. But if a man has an individual belief that the English-speaking people are the remnants of some lost tenth tribe, or indulges in any metaphysical speculation that the Garden of Eden is somewhere in the region of the North Pole, it is a matter which concerns that individual only, and it is no part of the duty of society to interfere with that individual view.

A slight illustration of the value of the crudest sanitary regulations for improving the material well-being of humanity, in however miserable a position they might find themselves situate, has been afforded in the example of longevity and general good health of the dwellers

in the ancient Ghetto of Rome, now happily demolished. Those who visited the Eternal City some few years ago must vividly remember the dingy squalid lanes and huddled tenements, teeming with masses of human beings. Whilst fever and pestilence from time to time ravaged other portions of the city, even the aristocratic quarters, the Ghetto enjoyed comparative immunity, although that quarter of the city was inundated at certain periods of the year by the Tiber, which left a mass of fœtid remains in its train, which under all ordinary canons of sanitation might have been a very hot-bed of contagious malady. Yet the residents there adopted the code of sanitation of the older covenant. They used frequent ablutions; they avoided many kinds of food forbidden to them by traditional usage; they scoured their houses periodically at prescribed Festivals. By these means they had a rough and ready sort of sanitation which preserved them from many of the maladies that infested the surrounding districts. In mediæval times this immunity was ascribed to magic and witchcraft, but the witchcraft was simply bodily cleanliness. Modern science is leading us, step by step, into this course of action, for the future material welfare of those whose fate renders it imperative for them to live in crowded districts.

Necessarily, in an institution constituted as the Literary and Philosophical Society is, I can only review the labour question from its social and philosophic aspect, and will altogether eliminate the political tendency of the subject. I will have this steadily in view—to take into consideration only how this new phase in human affairs will tend to affect mankind and society in general.

Discontent on the part of the operative and wage-earning class is not altogether a new phase of history. We have had illustrations in our own country in the Wat Tyler and Jack Cade ebullitions; we have had, in Germany, the

Bauernkrieg (or peasants' war), and the Jacquerie in France. But that which is absolutely new to us (and which perhaps has never occurred before in the history of human affairs) is that, with the spread of education amongst the operative classes, a combined and organised movement with simultaneous action and identical interests has now been formed throughout the civilised globe. The Societies in America known as the Knights of Labour; the Trade Unions in England; the Arbeitervereine in Germany; the Bourse de Travail in Paris, with its ramifications throughout the French Departments; the Unione of Italy: all these various organisations are now, through the rapid communication of steam and telegraph, in almost constant intercourse with one another. Having identical interests, they assist each other with advice and with pecuniary resources. So vast have the ramifications of these bodies become, that, in course of time, they bid fair to rival in power and influence that marvellous ecclesiastical organisation whose centre is in Rome, an organisation which has been the wonder and admiration of men of all shades of thinking, and which in its time has played no small part in the mission of civilising mankind. Some idea of the growing power of wage-earning combinations may be obtained when we find that the various Friendly Societies in England and Wales have accumulated funds of about sixteen millions. Trades Union returns for Great Britain give about three-quarters of a million invested, and about the same amount of annual income. Building Societies in England and Wales possess about fifty-one millions. Co-operative Distributive Societies in England and Wales have about nine millions; Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks return about a hundred and five millions, besides a large number of societies making no return, whose resources should be added.

Another great feature of our generation has been the

tendency to go back to the old Biblical method of defensive warfare. That is to say that every man, from twenty years upwards, shall bear the sword. This in itself is an improvement upon the old professional armies, so fruitful of dynastic warfare. A fighting machine could hitherto, solely at the will of the sovereign, be put into motion, and the members of that machine were always looking forward with alacrity to the exercise of their profession. It was the rising in France that in modern days gave birth to universal conscription. It was afterwards adopted by Germany in self-defence; and it is practically carried out, with the exception of Great Britain, by almost every other country in Europe.

The tendency of this movement is, one would venture to think, entirely in the direction of peace. Its effect already upon France has been most marked. Within the last twenty years a transformation has come over perhaps the most bellicose soldiers of Europe. The French masses were probably as peace-loving as those of other nationalities, but there existed amongst the French people a minority who loved military glory for its own sake. Twenty years ago, when the "flaneur" on the Boulevard shouted "à Berlin," it really meant, that the flaneur was to remain at home while Cæsar's professional soldiers would do all the fighting; the saunterers of the Boulevards would have quietly waited in Paris until the expected return of the triumphant legions, and these idlers would have looked on complacently, and in due course shouted applause. But to-day the whole aspect is changed. Everybody in France must serve in the National Army, so that, when a section of the Parisian population are inclined for warlike enterprises, it no more means merely shouting, but that they must go themselves, and do the fighting as well; and in the future wars in which France may have to be engaged, every palace, mansion, or hut, will

have to furnish its quota of men to the front. All this makes Gallic society ponder seriously before they "cry havoc" and bring out the great engines of war.

The sphere of action seems to tend now in a totally different direction. The wage-earning classes throughout the world have their minds no longer diverted by dynastic strife; they are able to look introspectively, into their own immediate concerns, and wherever they are intelligent, educated, and organised, they ask society to admit them as recognised partners in the government of their fellow-creatures, and not to be mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to those who have hitherto claimed to have special privileges in the sphere of human affairs. Prince Bismark, now in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, has somewhat reversed his former attitude towards the labour question. After frankly recognising and praising the moderation of Mr. Burt's address to the delegates at the Labour Congress in Berlin, the veteran statesman observed:—

Did you ever know a banker with a million who was contented? or a scientist, politician, artist, or lawyer satisfied with his gains and possessions? I will go further and ask you, Have you ever known a man contented—I mean among the rich, the successful, the highly born or the highly placed? How then shall the working man be contented, whose life is necessarily one of few pleasures and many troubles, of frequent privations, of rare indulgences. The more operatives get the more they want. I do not say it is not natural, nor that they differ from other men in this respect, but the fact remains. Let what real grievances they still have right themselves by natural processes, as they will gradually, and in due time. Above all, let them continue to improve their position without state interference, which can only do them more harm than good, besides inflicting irretrievable injury upon numbers of other people quite as worthy of consideration as artisans.

Thus far the great German statesman.

My attention has been directed to an able writer, who periodically, under the cloak of anonymity, appeals on behalf of the wage-earning classes.* He is evidently a deep thinker, brimful of kindness, and with an ardent desire to benefit his species; if we cannot at all times see eye-to-eye with him in his conclusions, he forces us to respect the ability and evident sincerity which inspire all his utterances. I extract some of his propositions:—

Do away with money profits and money rewards, and you do away with all the ills they breed; and nearly every ill that flesh is heir to is bred by these two things. And these two things are branches of the vilest and most accursed idolatry that ever outraged God—the idolatrous worship of Mammon.

The writer goes on to say,

If there were a hundred men and a hundred loaves of bread; and if the men fought for the loaves, some getting a dozen and wasting ten, and others getting none and dying for the want thereof, that would be individualism and full freedom in complete action. If the loaves were divided so that all had enough and none too much, that would be Socialism.

Now, all writers of political economy, from Adam Smith to John Stuart Mill, and even those of our own day, although they have not discovered the “royal road” to human happiness, are agreed that it is not mammon or gold itself that is “riches,” but that the definition of wealth is—“everything which serves the human purposes and which nature does not afford gratuitously.” Take the case of our wealthy and respected neighbour, Lord Derby. If a sudden requisition of a hundred golden sovereigns were made upon him, the likelihood is that he would not be able to furnish them; and perhaps the whole of his coined possessions might consist of the few pieces of money that he happened

* Nunquam, in the *Sunday Chronicle*.

to have about him. His wealth really consists of houses, land, stocks and shares in enterprises which are productive so long as the present forms of society dovetail readily and work with the regularity of a well oiled machine. Let chaos and anarchy take place, and his broad acres would be worth little more than the prairie lands of Manitoba, or the pampas of the Argentine Republic; the houses and mansions from which valuable ground-rents are derived would be worth little more than the ruined palaces of the Nile (buildings of stupendous dimensions, with architecture of marvellous design), now only inhabited by crows and stray bedouins, who know nothing of ground-rents, and never heard of the great Egyptian landowners, who several thousand years ago, may have fenced their buildings and possessions with every legal enactment known to the ancient lawyers of the land of the Pharaohs. It is not, then, merely money profits and money rewards that carry on the scheme of civilisation; but it is the accumulated results of everything which serve the human purpose and which nature does not afford gratuitously that is relatively gauged by the "monetometer" (I venture to coin the expression) of the term pound sterling. In that very interesting, though fanciful production, of Edward Bellamy, entitled *Looking Backwards*, he describes an ideal state of society which will (in imagination) happen in the year 2000; and, although money does not enter into his ideal scheme, still he is obliged to gauge values in dollars and cents. The argument about the hundred men and the hundred loaves of bread is very interesting; but even accepting that standpoint, among the hundred men there would certainly be some who would be content with half-a-loaf and save the other half-loaf for to-morrow. There might be others who would have the skill to cut the loaf up and make zwieback, or biscuit, of it; and if they accumulated these, satisfied with the frugal half-loaf, they would gradually

wield a power over those whose appetites were so vigorous as not only to consume the whole loaf but hankered after another half-loaf; then, if the strong used their physical force to deprive the frugal minority of the half-loaf which they had saved, we should have a perfect type of anarchy. Surely this is not a state of affairs that the humane and intelligent teacher of the masses wishes to anticipate. Our writer readily commands our sympathy when he says:—

I take a typical Lancashire weaver and I say to him, "Why do you weave?" and he says, "To get money." And I say, "What does your money bring you?" and he says, "Food, and clothes, and lodgings, and fuel, and amusement, and instruction, and all that I have." I say, "Your food is bad and ill-chosen, and dear and badly cooked; your clothes are ugly, and clumsy, and vulgar; your lodging is dark and narrow, and ill-ventilated, and uncomfortable and unhealthy; your fuel is cheap and sufficient, but dirty; your amusement is insufficient and often very bad; and your instruction is often as little qualified to make you wise and good as your sports are to make you merry or your other surroundings to make you healthy or happy. You are generally pale, stunted, worn and lean, your span of life is short; your days are all taken up with disagreeable and arduous toil, and your evenings are mostly wasted. The wages you get are not fair wages; the things they buy are not good things; the work you do destroys things that are good. And the sum amounts to this—you are weaving for wages to buy bad things when you might have good things without weaving: you give a lot of your health, a third of your years, two-thirds of your waking hours, all your energies and all the beauties of nature, as well as your skill and effort that you may get a living. And what a living it is! Now, I want you weavers to remember that money is no use except for what it will get. You cannot estimate wages by money only. Your wage is all that you get for your work. I want to convince you by a simple contrast of two pictures, that country life is better than town life, and agriculture better than factory work. Most of you, most of the people of Lancashire, don't know how hideous Lancashire is, or how glorious is the south of England. You are used to the one, and have never seen the other. But now I say to you again, your skies are murky; your air is foul; your rivers are sewers, and the beauties of nature do not exist for you

unless you buy them out of your wages by going away from the town. And I say to you, you would be happier ; you would be stronger ; you would live longer, if you had pure skies, and rivers, and air, and sweet green fields above and about you. The farm labourer does not get as many shillings a week as some of you get, but he gets light, and health, and quiet breathing. I believe the death-rate in part of the farming districts is as low as 11 in the thousand. In the big southern towns, like Brighton, it is only 15 in the thousand. But here in Manchester we go as high as 30, or 35, or even 40 in the thousand. In Blackburn the death-rate is, I think, about 25 ; that is to say, you are losing about 1500 lives a year, which you ought not to lose ; and you are losing them for the privilege of being a manufacturing town. What do trade and commerce amount to ? Simply this, the exchange of various commodities between various countries. Spain produces grapes ; America produces tobacco ; China and India produce tea ; the West Indies, coffee. We cannot grow these things in our climate, so we spin cotton and sell it to the foreigner for the things he has. That is all there is in it. The more of these foreign goods you want, the more cotton you must spin, the harder you must work, The less of such things you need the easier will be your labour. Now, half the things that are bought with our English stuffs, and cloth, and blades, and machinery, are things which nobody is the better for, and which those who make the blades and spin the cotton never see—champagne for instance ; lace, for instance ; Havanna cigars, for instance. You don't live on champagne, and pineapple, and Strasburg pies, in the Bolton and Salford slums, do you ? I ask you, you Lancashire weavers, what does British commerce mean to you ? It means, on the one hand, weaving cotton ; and, on the other hand, getting foreign produce. And now look carefully through your household bills and tell me how many articles of foreign produce are there which you could not make or grow in your own country. I cannot remember more than four—tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco. For you know that silk, and ivory, and wine, and the like are among the things which you earn and others enjoy. So it amounts really and seriously to this, that we must cover this pleasant land with factories, and curse the winds and streams with dye and sulphur so that we may have tea, and coffee, and tobacco, and sugar. Well, I like tea, and I like tobacco, but I think we should all be a great deal better without either of them. But even if we must have all four of these things I don't think we shall require much extension of weaving sheds to pay for them. I suppose we don't

many of us spend above 2s. a week in those four things, and that is chiefly paid in taxes, and it would not want much weaving to settle that bill.

The writer adds :—

It is madness to talk about a state of peace and freedom, to suppose that the human race could do without cotton mills or the world go round without the continuance of British greatness.

He asks,

Where is the Roman Empire, where the glories of Persia, the splendour of Assyria, the wisdom of old Egypt? Man perishes and his works decay, but nature endures and the spirit of men also. The Jews are a scattered nation; the Aryans have left nothing but a name. But still in the world there are the same love and the same desire, the same sorrow, and the same vanity; the same labour and trouble, the same dancing and playing upon the reeds, the same marrying and giving in marriage, the same laughing youth and lusty prime; the same anxious age; the same death and burial, and tears, and bereavement. These things last out the nations and their deeds; a love song lives longer than a walled city; a fairy story outlives a hundred generations; a strong thought triumphs over legions of armed men. The real affairs of life; the hopes, the fears, the joys and griefs, the loves and hates, are things immortal that seed and bloom and bear fruit over the ruins of trade, and monarchy, and wealth, and conquest. The grass was green and the lark was musical before ever the name of England was on the lips of man; the lark will sing and the ivy will climb ten thousand thousand years after the name of England is forgotten.

Our writer is ready with a retort to those who say, as I pointed out in a former paragraph, "Ah, but our population has increased very much, and is still increasing, and how is it possible for us to feed the rapidly increasing mouths?" He quotes from the *Quarterly Review* of 1873 to show that in 1841 we grew wheat enough for 24,280,000 persons, whilst in 1880 we only grew enough wheat to supply 12,152,000; and whereas in 1841 1,200,000

of our population depended upon foreign-grown wheat; in 1880 22,352,000 of our people depended upon foreign wheat. Our population is now about 37,000,000. Yet Lord Lauderdale's estimate is that 500 acres will support 2,000 people. In Hoyle's *Sources of National Wealth* it is stated that England and Wales contain about 50,000,000 acres of good land unbuilt on and available for agriculture. Fifty millions of acres would, on Lord Lauderdale's estimate, yield support for more than double our present population. Allison estimates, in his *Principles of Population*, that these islands could feed over a hundred millions of inhabitants. Mr. Cobden, speaking at Manchester, once said—

I have heard Mr. Ogilvey say (and he is willing to go before a Committee of the House to prove it) that Cheshire, if properly cultivated, is capable of producing three times as much as it now produces from its surface—and there is not a higher authority in the kingdom.

That was in 1844, at the time when England grew wheat enough for twenty-four millions of its people. Mr. Mechi, another eminent authority, said—

I have tested this by comparative results, and find that if all the land in this kingdom equal to my own (about fifty millions of acres), produced as much per acre as mine does, our agricultural produce would be increased by the enormous amount of £421,000,000 sterling annually.

That is to say, according to Mr. Mechi, would produce three times as much as we want. I am not personally responsible for these figures; they are taken from an article in the *Quarterly Review* of 1873.

Perhaps the littleness of the human race is well illustrated by the fact that—

If we reckon the population of the globe 1,400,000,000, there would be room for them all on the frozen surface of the Lake of Constance

(Switzerland), and the crush would not be so very great either, as there would be a space of four square feet for each person. If the ice were to break, and the whole human race were thus to sink in a watery grave, the level of the lake would only be raised six inches.

It is very difficult to get beyond abstract opinions on this great question, and much gain would accrue to society at large if some absolutely reliable and authentic statement of their demands could be heard by the real and official representatives of those great organisations which will play so important a part in the future management of human affairs. We obtained very little new light from the Trades Union Congress held in this city a few weeks ago.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw has edited a series of Essays, entitled *Fabian Essays in Socialism*, the work of the Fabian Society. We are informed that the writers are all socialists, as a glance at their names might easily tell us. The writers are G. Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, William Clarke, Sydney Olivier, Annie Besant, Graham Wallas, and Hubert Bland. There is a modesty in the manner in which the editor appears before the public. He says:—

There are at present no authoritative teachers of Socialism; the essayists make no claim to be more than communicative learners.

Mr. Bycraft, at the Co-operative Congress, advocated a system under which the State, Municipal bodies, Co-operative Societies and individuals should work for the benefit of mankind. *The Times*, commenting upon this, observes, "This is the millennium in a nutshell." Human nature in the lump cannot be better than the individuals who compose it. It would perhaps be as well, then, to begin with individuals. When we find all men really working for the benefit of mankind, it will be time enough to consider how society can best be organised on that basis. In the meantime, it is perhaps as well to remind co-operators that the

problem which immediately confronts them is, not the reconstruction of society, or the regeneration of human motive, but the organisation of co-operative production on a basis which takes human nature as it finds it.

Mr. Howell, an eminent authority on the labour question, in the volume he has lately published, entitled *The Conflicts of Capital and Labour*, says very properly—

Liberty is not lopsided ; the freedom to combine carries with it the corresponding freedom to abstain from combining if a man thinks fit.

Whilst Mr. Bradlaugh, in a paper on the eight hours movement, which he contributed to the *Universal Review* in August last, observes :—

I find myself, for thus arguing, denounced in strong and even coarse language, as a defender of and advocate for rich robbers. I venture to suggest that he is the worst enemy of the great mass of poor workers who constantly preaches enmity between capital and labour. Vast strides have, during this century, been made in ameliorating the condition of our skilled workers within these islands. Much still may be gradually achieved alike for skilled and unskilled, if men will rely more on themselves and look less for salvation to paper statutes. My denouncers are fond of boasting that they are social revolutionists. If they were Russian I could understand them, but here it is the veriest hysteria. Men who preach revolution in a land where reform is constant, are blind guides at best, and will surely bring disaster if any trust the preachers.

An institution with which I am more intimately connected (the Stock Exchange) has fostered the spirit of co-operation perhaps more than any other modern organisation. In former generations it would have been virtually impossible for a man to enter into a partnership with a large and wealthy concern of merchants, shipowners, or conductors of the great industrial enterprises. But to-day, if a working man has saved £10, he can ask the share-broker to buy him a share in many of the largest concerns in the United

Kingdom, and by dint of the possession of accumulated savings can, without any interference on the part of the state, become a shareholder or partner in a bank, Insurance Company, or any other kind of commercial undertaking he chooses. The Stock Exchange has, moreover, added an element of peace and concord amongst communities. For instance, a shareholder in a line of steamers that take Mahometan pilgrims to Mecca would not have any violent prejudice against the Koranic ordinance, inasmuch as it helps to give the shareholder a dividend. Take the case of the railway that carries pious pilgrims to Lourdes, in France; though the shareholders be ultra-Protestant, it is not likely that at the general meeting they would object to the pious custom which helps to realise so good a return for their money. In the South of France, and in Italy, there are joint-stock plantations that grow palms and citrons for sale to large masses of Jews in Russia and northern countries, who use these products for their Feast of Tabernacles; some of these plantations return a dividend equal to fifty per cent. The shares are to a great extent held by Frenchmen and Italians, who presumably are of the Roman Catholic communion. It is not likely, in cases such as these, that shareholders who reap such excellent profit on their invested capital would launch much adverse criticism against the beautiful and poetic ceremony of waving the palm branch and decorating their tabernacles extensively with the citron, as practised by the orthodox Jews. Thus a spirit of healthy communism and co-operation from interested sources contributes to the peace of mankind. This seems to be following out nature's own operations. If the consumption of food were a painful operation, living beings in the world would die out. Nature performs all her great works pleasantly and agreeably. She wishes human life to be sustained, and therefore she makes the absorption of food, to

those in good health, an agreeable function of life. Nature is also philoprogenitive, and attains her objects by a gratification of the senses, whilst nature spares her species by causing destruction and death to be an abhorrent and painful operation.

The Stock Exchanges of Great Britain have effected for the forces of accumulation what the ancient Cæsar did for Rome by the power of arms. The old Cæsars laid many nations and many provinces under tribute to Imperial Rome. But England, through her Stock Exchanges, has laid the world under tribute to her by more peaceful means. She has lent her surplus savings to her Colonies, to India, to Spain, to the Brazils, to the South American Republics, to Russia, to Italy, to China and Japan; with the aid of British capital men are delving and digging and diving, both in the old hemisphere and in the new, and are returning their peaceful tribute to this country in the shape of the regular payments of coupons and dividend warrants.

Thus, by dint of the sense of gratification enjoyed by men of diverse climes and races in the pursuit of gain, canals are dug, waste lands are irrigated, new countries are explored and developed, and industries of every description fostered, not from a high sense of duty to mankind, not from purely philanthropic or benevolent motives, but stimulated by the pleasure that individuals evince in accumulating wealth, the work of our form of civilisation marches forward all the same.

The best abused section of society to-day is the middleman. Now what has he to say in self-defence? In a very clever book, written by Mr. Alexander Philips, LL.B., entitled *The Function of Labour in the Production of Wealth*, the author takes up the cudgels for him. Perhaps the way Mr. Philips treats Mr. George's example of the

piece of leather worked up into a pair of shoes may show the able manner in which the author deals with his subject. Mr. George says :—

The shoes are not drawn from capital, either my capital or anyone else's capital, but are brought into existence by the labour of which they are the wages. And in obtaining this pair of shoes as the wages of my labour, capital is not even momentarily lessened one iota ; for if we call in the idea of capital, my capital at the outset consists of the piece of leather, thread, etc. As my labour goes on, value is steadily added until, when my labour results in the finished shoes, I have my capital plus the difference in value between the material and the shoes. In obtaining this additional value (my wages), how is capital at any time drawn upon ?

To this Mr. Philips replies :—

The shoemaker's capital included the potential energy stored up in his bodily tissues, as well as in the leather and the thread, and this potential energy was momentarily and steadily lessened by his labour. The increased value of the finished shoe was necessary to compensate this deduction, and would, when paid, be so employed by the shoemaker. Nay, more, such value can only exist if the labour were under the guidance of intelligence, and were directed according to a rational and calculated design. Otherwise, the finished shoe would be of even less value than the original leather. Suppose the shoemaker, from want of thought and calculation, made a mistake of a quarter of an inch in shaping his material, we fear even Mr. George, if the shoe had been made for him, would hardly have been inclined to pay the labourer his wage merely because he had expended the full amount of labour requisite in the manufacture of the shoe ; and had the labourer quoted Mr. George's own argument in support of his claim, Mr. George would perhaps have told him that there was a place where the shoe pinched, both in his logic and in his leather.

And it is here that the middle-man comes in. If the labourer has produced a pair of shoes and he takes them to Mr. Henry George, and Mr. George can find no use for them, because they don't fit him, the middle-man comes in and buys these misfitting shoes from the shoemaker, and

waits patiently until some one turns up whose feet they will fit; and the middle-man thereby accomplishes a triple gain. The working man gets rid of goods that would otherwise have been temporarily useless, and he obtains immediate payment; Mr. Henry George is relieved of purchasing a pair of shoes that don't fit him, and the middle-man is compensated by the fact that he purchased the shoes at slightly less than Mr. Henry George intended to give, and when he finds a person to whom the article is really suitable, the difference of the amount deducted by the shoemaker from the original contract price of the shoes is the middle-man's profit. The author does not undervalue the dignity of toil, but regarding labour from a scientific standpoint, he demonstrates that labour is in itself a consumption of wealth, and only entitled to be regarded as productive in the lowest degree. In his opinion the one man who contributed most to the world's production of wealth was probably James Watt. All inventors, astronomers, mathematicians, discoverers, philosophers, and men of science, in proportion as their studies and investigations result in the discovery and illustration of truth, are probably producers of wealth to the greatest extent. Then would follow engineers, architects, ship-builders, farmers, shipmasters, manufacturers and artisans. The professional man, whose work consists in facilitating and expediting the adjustment of all contracts, and all such arrangements, in the way to afford to skill and labour the fullest and freest scope, is of course entitled to the term "productive." With regard to the odious middle-man, Mr. Philips, while recognising that his operations are liable to abuse, points out that both the artisan and the middle-man are equally engaged merely in altering the position and arrangement of material bodies, although in the one case the result is in a more permanent visible form than the other. One deduction from these considerations is that the thought,

science, and skill of a country are always entitled to the principal share of government. Beyond demonstrating the falsity of the logic on which are based the claims of labour to overwhelming political power, Mr. Philips offers a key to the solution of some of the problems which have hitherto puzzled political economists. By estimating labour as so much energy expended, and the product as so much potential energy made available for human uses, a method is afforded of quantifying a hitherto indefinite factor in the whole class of problems which the economist is interested in solving. Stated algebraically, if x equals the amount of potential energy existing in, say, a piece of coal, and y represents the amount of energy necessarily required by the labourers who make it available for human uses, $x - y$, represents the amount of wealth recovered, or, so to say, produced by the process. It has always been easy to estimate the value of the labour required to be expended on such processes. That is the y of the above formula; but it has not hitherto been deemed possible to get any standard beyond the exchange value whereby to estimate the amount of x , and hence to arrive at any standard estimation of the value of the result $x - y$. Most important of all, whereas formerly while the x and the y were regarded not merely as different quantities, but as different entities, the one could not be subtracted from the other except by the unsatisfactory medium of the money values. Now, by showing that wealth and labour can both be stated in terms of energy, a means is supplied of stating x in terms of y , and thus eliminating one or other of the two unknown quantities from the equation which it has been the dream of economists to determine.*

It may be urged that I have throughout this paper given

* I am indebted to the *Daily Courier* for a portion of these remarks on Mr. Philips' work.

no individual suggestion for the amelioration of the social condition of the wage-earning classes. The president of your Society has sufficient modesty to venture to think the cause is better served by indicating a diagnosis, rather than prescribing any speculative social therapeutic remedies, which, to be effective, must be the result of the *collective* efforts of all friends of humanity.

When Rousseau thought out his *Contrat Social*, his associates observed, "Why do you write about these matters, you are neither a sovereign nor a legislator;" and the philosopher of Geneva replied, "If I were a sovereign or a legislator I would not lose my time in writing about these matters, I would set to work and act, being neither the one nor the other, I write."

In a Liverpool newspaper, conducted by one of the ablest journalists in the United Kingdom, and a man of letters of superlative merit, there appeared on the 8th of August last, an article in which the Editor (Mr. E. R. Russell) makes use of these pregnant remarks:—

Half a century is a short time in the history of a nation, but it has sufficed to bring about wonderful changes in the social conditions of the working classes in this country. There must be, and no doubt are, many men and women now living who can remember when the state of affairs was such as to indicate that society was on the brink of an abyss, and might at any moment be precipitated into the gulf of anarchical revolution. Materials for a catastrophe were abundantly provided in the ignorance no less than in the sufferings of the people, and in the callous indifference of the classes to the intolerable miseries of the masses. Looking back at that time is like contemplating events almost as distant as the plague and fire of London, and yet it is only fifty years since; just two-thirds of the span of an ordinary human life. In comparison, the legislation of Trades Unions, and the enactment making elementary education compulsory, which came almost together, seem like events of yesterday, though they date from twenty years ago. In those two decades, however, Trades Unionism has become a power in the land, with the result that no comparison is

possible between the workmen of fifty years ago and those of to-day, or even between those of 1870 and 1890. At the former period Trades Unionism lurked in secret places under the ban of the law, and the fruits of attempted repression were seen in such atrocities as those at Sheffield and elsewhere. To-day Trades Unionism holds its conferences and congresses, with all the regularity and decorum of procedure of a parliament in session—if indeed this may not be considered an uncomplimentary comparison. Growing up, too, side by side with the power of combination and organisation, is the power springing from education in giving the coming generation the ability to seize and utilise all the opportunities placed at their disposal. Formerly the cry used to be raised that combination and organisation among workmen, and the education of children of workmen, would raise their demands to such a pitch that trade would be driven from the country. The futility of such a cry, however, is obvious from the fact that wherever trade is driven to, and in whatever quarter of the civilised world it may seek refuge, it will find exactly the same organisation. Trades Unions will have to be reckoned with abroad, just as they have to be at home, while there the diffusion of education, higher as well as elementary, has been general for at least twenty years longer than it has in this country.

The clever diplomatist, Prince Talleyrand, observed, "*On peut tout faire avec les bayonnettes excepté s'y asseoir*" (You can do everything with bayonets except sit on them); meaning that although the use of bayonets may temporarily succeed, the moment you imagine that you have by their means secured a permanent foundation you are forcibly disillusioned. The old theory that operatives, and the wage-earning classes generally, are merely to be paid their wages, but that their counsel is not worth taking into consideration, is past and gone. If we wish to preserve society, we must look upon the mass of intelligent operatives as our fully emancipated equals in the business of life, to whom it is not only our duty but our right to listen patiently, nay, benevolently, and to lend a willing ear to what they have to urge in the great scheme of mutually preserving intact our form of

human society. Whilst we may retain from the past all that is health-giving and good in our inherited traditions, we may let the dead bury the decayed and useless dead social ethics of former generations. If the combined efforts of the great English-speaking communities are directed to methods conducing not only to the greatest good for the greatest number, but securing lawful rights even to feeble minorities (for minorities have rights as well as vast majorities): if we work together in this spirit, I venture to hope that after generations will speak of our efforts kindly and affectionately. We shall leave more enduring monuments of our existence than did the Pharaohs of Egypt with their temples and pyramids. Let us, according to the best of our lights, do what is right. In the words of the Book :—

This is your wisdom and understanding in the sight of the nations which shall hear of those statutes and say—surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people!

THE PHILOSOPHY
OF THE
LABOUR QUESTION

PART II

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

READ BEFORE THE

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
OF LIVERPOOL

AT THE OPENING OF THE EIGHTY-FIRST SESSION, 1891-92

BY

B. L. BENAS
PRESIDENT

LIVERPOOL

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—
1891

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE LABOUR QUESTION.

PART II.

By B. L. BENAS.

IN my first paper on this subject I quoted from the writings of the American author, Henry George, showing that the same elements of discontent which affect the fabric of society in Europe are reproduced in the New World, and notwithstanding the advantages of boundless resources, free institutions, and a complete system of popular education, no permanent remedy has been proved to be successful.

Since that period it has occurred to me that it might be urged that I had after all only availed myself of the opinion of an extreme thinker, and that the pessimistic view contained in that epoch-making work, *Progress and Poverty*, is shared only by what is termed the subversive and unorthodox section of society in the United States. Let me, however, give you some of the utterances of Dr. A. H. Bradford, of New Jersey, a distinguished American divine, and a descendant of the William Bradford who, three hundred years ago, joined his lot with the then persecuted sect called Independents, and who eventually became the first Governor of Massachusetts. Dr. Bradford is representative of that school of thought in America whose orthodoxy is undoubted. This is what he observes :—

Increase of wealth develops selfishness. Insidiously a new feudal system is growing among the nations. Commercial and industrial barons are taking the place once occupied by those older, but no more

heartless, lords of the manor. Land is getting into the hands of the few. The Church even is distrusted. Those who have position and power look down upon the unsuccessful. The divine doctrine that one man is of more value than all things is forgotten. Denominations are confusing missions. National lines are going down. In the old days there were a hundred States where now there is one. Small tribes were absorbed by the larger, and the larger have learned that co-operation is better than destruction. In the Western world a Congress of American nations has already been held, and that was but a beginning. It is one step toward "the parliament of man, the federation of the world." Physical development points a thousand fingers in the same direction. Capitals which a few years ago were separated by continental spaces are now within speaking distances. The same books are read in Melbourne and in Boston. Russian literature is almost as common in New York as in St. Petersburg. The papers of the Old World circulate in the New. American and English preachers exchange pulpits. One day there are strikes in London among the dockers, and the next a promise of thousands of pounds in the way of practical sympathy from Australia thrills their hearts with the consciousness that the world is at their back. Nations touch elbows. Gladstone speaks in Westminster, and, according to the clock, before he has finished—almost before he has begun—his words are in type in San Francisco. Commercial interests are one already. Unrest in Lombard-street agitates Wall-street. Speculations in South America cause distress in Boston and Paris. Buoyancy in Australia and Russia produces prosperity in Canada and Sweden. A German physician discovers a probable remedy for a terrible disease; scientists flock to Berlin from all nations, and the good news flashes hope to the uttermost parts of the earth. Humanity claims the benefit. Consider a few illustrations of what may be called "world questions." During the last decade two publications of transcendent importance have appeared in London—*The Bitter Cry* and *In Darkest England*. What was said of one is true of both; they are "more interesting than fiction, more veracious than history, more vital than theology." The problem of poverty connects itself with problems of capital and labour, with the condition of working men everywhere. The questions of our time are social questions. They may be considered in relation to one nation alone; but is a man any more a man in London, or New Jersey, than in New Zealand? The solidarity of the race is a reality. A soul is as sacred in East London as in Belgravia, in Houston-street

as in Fifth-avenue, in Kamtschatka as in Massachusetts. The question is not, How can this parish or that ward be improved? but, How can the world's misery be diminished?

In America, politically as well as ethnologically, national lines seem to become gradually obliterated, for the French creole of Louisiana, the Spaniard of Texas and California, appear to have lost their separate racial aspirations in the one absorbing Union.

I have preferentially called in the evidence of American social economists as to the gravity of the problem which confronts the *fin de siècle*, because we were led to believe that the new political dispensation of the United States was a fuller and larger light than the old political dispensation of the islands from which they borrowed the foundation of their political ethics. Inasmuch, however, as the same economic maladies afflict them both, which they both seem powerless to eradicate from their system, we are almost tempted to remark that, that which is good in the social fabric of English-speaking America is not new, and that which is new has yet to be proved whether it is good, otherwise the utterances of the spiritual ruler of two hundred millions of the human race would be sufficient evidence. The head of the Church of Rome speaks thus:—

I. THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

At this moment the condition of the working population is the question of the hour; and nothing can be of higher interest to all classes of the State than that it should be rightly and reasonably decided.

If we turn to things exterior and corporeal, the first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of grasping speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for making money.

II. URGENCY DEMANDED.

All agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and

wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor.

Every one must put his hand to the work which falls to his share and that at once and immediately, lest the evil which is already so great may by delay become absolutely beyond remedy.

III. THE MASSES LITTLE BETTER THAN SLAVES.

It has come to pass that working men have been given over, isolated and defenceless, to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition. That evil has been increased by rapacious usury, which, although more than once condemned by the Church, is nevertheless, under a different form, but with the same, guilt, still practised by avaricious and grasping men. And to this must be added the custom of working by contract, and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself.

How much more powerful for good would be the remedies suggested by the venerable and respected successor of St. Peter, if those dominions that for centuries have been under his spiritual influence, and have ejected their dissentient minorities, had proved to be model commonwealths worthy of imitation. Again, the latest return of the labour correspondent of the Board of Trade reports thus :—

The labour market continues to be in a disturbed condition, and disputes are still numerous, although the state of the unemployed list now furnishes evidence that the greatest caution should be exercised in the discussion of all questions out of which stoppages of work are likely to arise. During the month of July seventy-one strikes were recorded, and this number is very slightly below the average of the last few months. Of these stoppages, eleven have been in the cotton trade, and ten in the steel and iron trades. The building trades and dock labour have each contributed seven to the total, and three each are to be charged to coal mining and the woollen trade. The boot and shoe trade has furnished twelve disputes, and the engineering trade but two, the remainder having taken place in the less important industries. Twenty-one societies representing skilled occupations have sent in returns, and these show that in almost every branch of

industry the state of employment is not so healthy as it was at the beginning of the summer.

Mr. Morley, the member for Newcastle, delivered a speech on August 3rd last. He observes :—

It is not fifteen years ago since my late friend, Mr. Fawcett, described the English cottager, and the picture, I think, is true, just as true to-day as it was then. "Theirs," he said, "is a life of incessant toil, for wages too scanty to give them a sufficient supply of even the first necessities of life. No hope cheers their monotonous career. A life of constant labour, which brings them no other prospect than that when their strength is exhausted they must crave as suppliant mendicants a pittance from parish relief."

Mr. H. M. Hyndman, again, wrote in *The Times* newspaper :—

The capitalist system is bringing about its own destruction while we discuss, as the old chattel-slave system and serf system broke themselves down before in the course of the economical evolution of mankind. The communization or collectivity which we aim at is not deduced, therefore, from any Utopian theory as to what is desirable in itself, but is arrived at by a scientific induction from history and the co-ordination of the facts which we see around us.

In order to effect this great social revolution or transformation, Social Democrats would regard the use of force as quite legitimate, such force being used daily against the working class, if in no other way, under legal forms enacted for that express purpose by their landlord and capitalist enemies. Whether it will be necessary or advisable to use force depends, of course, upon circumstances. As sensible men, no matter how strong we might be or how well-armed and disciplined, we would much rather win peaceably than forcibly.

We have been for a long time accustomed, as the author of *Coningsby* wrote, that whenever we are brought face to face with unpleasant social symptoms we are apt to observe, Oh! yes, but these methods are un-English, quite forgetting that that is the argument which others have used as well as ourselves. When the surging discontented masses in

France urged their spokesmen, step by step, into a career of social experiments, they observed at the inception of their movement, when warned by prudent counsels that they might proceed too far, "Do you think our methods are those of the puritan English who chopped off the head of their monarch?" The prudent again exclaimed:—"You may even come to that;" and the same masses that caused a medal to be struck calling Louis XVI the regenerator of his people and the delight of his species, in the end imitated those puritan English, except that they used the scientific guillotine to decapitate their chief instead of the ordinary English axe, but the results were the same.

The last resort of those who have no better reply is generally "Circumstances are different in our case, and what has happened in a former historical epoch does not apply to us." This evasion has been used in every stage of human society, by the Jews, by the Greeks, by the Romans, and by Spain in her period of pre-eminence. What may or may not happen in the future is a matter of speculative opinion, but in social economical, as well as in scientific matters it does not seem safe to dogmatise too emphatically even on the part of those human beings who may claim the right to speak by pre-eminent experience.

It is just fifty-six years since Dr. Lardner delivered a lecture at Liverpool, in which he said: "As to the project announced in the newspapers, of making the voyage from Liverpool to New York in ships propelled by steam, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be perfectly chimerical."

Dr. Bradford, the American, though a sincere and orthodox religionist, seems to strike the same note as the German Karl Marx and Lassalle and the French Proudhon, as to the disappearance of national lines. Even these writers maintain that there may be a large remnant of aggressive national feeling left for some generations by the patrician

and middle classes, but, with the cessation of "dynastic warfare," the attention of mankind will gradually be diverted from international questions to the more absorbing problem—How to ameliorate the social condition of the toilers.

In some recently published letters of the late Field-Marshal Moltke he says :—

The days are gone by when, for dynastic purposes, small armies of professional soldiers went to war to conquer a city, or a province, and then sought winter quarters or made peace. The wars of the present day call whole nations to arms, there is scarcely a family that does not suffer by them. The entire financial resources of the State are appropriated to the purpose, and the different seasons of the year have no bearing on the indefatigable progress of hostilities. As long as the nations continue independent of each other there will be disagreements that can only be settled by force of arms, but, in the interest of humanity, it is to be hoped that wars will become less frequent, as they have become more terrible.

Generally speaking, it is no longer the ambition of monarchs which endangers peace; the passions of the people, its dissatisfaction with interior conditions and things, the strife of parties, and the intrigues of their leaders are the causes.

The German organs of the wage-earning classes have stated over and over again, that it would not only be difficult but well nigh impossible to force the German operative to fight the French working men. They fought and would fight again to prevent a French Cæsar from interfering with their aims and aspirations, but not against a republic working out its own destinies. With the exception of Russia, which is hardly within the sphere of modern civilization, Great Britain is perhaps the only European country that employs recruited fighting men, whose profession is to go anywhere and do anything.

The difficulty ever confronts us when we wish to attempt social therapeutics. Everyone seems to have his own pill to

cure the economic malady. Nor dare we ignore the warnings of a cloud though at present it be no bigger in Great Britain than a hand. An incident is narrated of a poor starving creature knocking from door to door in a village for relief, but the callous villagers, as well as the residents of the mansions, closed their ears and their hands. The woman crawled into a barn to die of Typhus brought on by hunger, but in her death she punished the stony-hearted, for the malady spread and decimated the inmates of the houses of the rich and poor alike.

When the leaders of the Social Democratic school abroad are asked what they really require, their reply is that of Karl Marx and Lassalle—a negative one. They say we do not want the patrician and middle-classes to legislate for us. We must convert our minority into a majority, and, when we have the power, will show you what we want. We may wait some time before this will arrive, but with the spread of education we can afford to wait.

The time has passed, say the organs of this movement, when they will be satisfied with boons conferred upon them by the noblesse and the bourgeoisie, that is to say, the upper and the middle-classes.

Their contention is that individuals rule and not property, that it is the numerical majority in the modern dispensation of government which not only govern but also wield the executive. They admit it was not possible whilst education was beyond the reach of the operatives, but the same circumstances, Lassalle points out, influenced the middle-classes prejudiciously for centuries. They were ruled by the aristocratic minority, simply because they were for long centuries unfitted by education to lead, and, further, that the middle-classes were hopelessly divided among themselves, and had no confidence in each other, hence the patrician held all the posts of honour. To-day, the operative in

Germany has hardly acquired an absolute confidence in his brother working man, hence the nobles and middle-classes still govern. His teachers tell him, that the day he adopts the same methods as the middle-classes did in the early part of the century, that is to say, perfects his education (which has now in Germany almost advanced to a common denominator among all classes), and above all learns to trust his fellow as the bourgeoisie now do, the working classes will, in the end, legislate for themselves in Teutonic lands, inasmuch as the capitalist and the nobility are in numerical minority, and modern methods of government, say they, can lead to no other result. They prefer to attain their ends by the slower process of organization rather than by revolution and violence, which they only hold in reserve as a last resource.

The way in which the small but growing English section look upon this problem is interesting, and is expressed thus in one of the Democratic organs :—

In the present Parliament, how many labour candidates are there out of the six hundred and odd assorted intellects of the realm? Are there six? I ask for information. If there were twenty-six do you suppose they could properly defend the labour interests against the two great parties? In the House are representatives of the spinning interests, but no representative of the spinners. The colliery interest is represented, but are the colliers? The railway interests are represented, but who is the member for the over-worked signalman and the underpaid porter? The Army is represented—but I notice that the private soldier still gets too little to eat. The army, the navy, the church, the bar, the land, the property, the banks, the railways, the mines, the breweries—all these institutions are represented by powerful parties of men prepared to defend their interests to the last cartridge; but where is the army of labour? The labourers have no champions, no banner, no shield, and no spear; and why? Because since the first day that the simple honest fools were "admitted to the franchise" they have always put their trust in "Expositions of Principle" by the regular candidates.

I was very much struck during the dock labourers' strike in Liverpool with the demonstration which marched through the streets of Liverpool, and having been in the inner circle of those entrusted with the maintenance of order in the city, my mind carried me back to what occurred in that great Liverpool of ancient times, Alexandria, the famous seat of wealth and culture, when the magistrates were powerless to prevent the wealthiest portion of the city from being plundered and ruined, and the city lost its pre-eminence for centuries. Have we moved no further during the many centuries that have rolled on, that in the end the magistrates must rely upon the man with the stick, and when he fails must call in the man with the sword? Must these in the end always remain the last resources of civilisation? And what if physical force is met by physical force in every direction? Experience happily teaches us that invariably only hungry men are discontented and resort to violence; but that which was a luxury to a former generation has become a necessity for those who live in modern days, and it seems that with the spread of intelligence among the masses their aspirations and requirements are correspondingly raised.

In a very clever work, entitled, *Essays in Politics*, by Mr. C. B. Roylance Kent, a barrister-at-law in this city, he shows that with the increase of wage-earning power the demand of the wage-earner becomes more and more peremptory. He says:—

During the last fifty years there has been a contemporaneous increase of wages and decrease of the prices of commodities. In the case of carpenters, bricklayers, masons, miners, weavers, and spinners, Mr. Giffen estimates the rise since 1826 at over 50 per cent. in most cases, and at over 100 per cent. in some. In the case of seamen's wages he estimates the rise since 1850 at 60 per cent. Taking particular trades we find, on the authority of Professor Leone Levi, that hands in cotton factories, who in 1839 received 7s. and 16s. a week respectively, in 1877 received 17s that hands in

woollen factories, who in 1837 received 12s. and 21s. a week respectively, in 1877 received 35s. and 28s. ; that whilst in the linen trade in 1855 some hands only received 10d. and 4s. a week respectively, the same class in 1877 received 8s. and 3s. ; that in the earthenware trade, between 1857 and 1877, there was a rise from 3s. 6d. a week to 33s. a week ; that whilst in the building trade wages were 5s. a day of 10 hours, in 1877 they were 9d. an hour ; and that seamen's wages have risen from 40s. and 55s. a month in 1848, to 70s. and 80s. in 1878.

These increases have been contemporaneous with a diminution in the prices of necessaries, wheat averaging only 48s. 9d. a quarter between 1876 and 1886, as against 58s. 7d. a quarter between 1837 and 1846 ; while in most other things there has been a considerable fall, meat and house rent having increased. These improvements are summed up in the statement that, as regards the amount of wages and their purchasing power, the condition of the working classes is now immensely superior to what it was at any time for nearly three hundred years.

Why, then, with an increase of wages, is there a general consensus of opinion that the area of discontent is ever widening ? It can only be explained by this fact, that just as the middle-classes have step by step reached a point of social opulence, so that there is now only a theoretical but not a material line of demarcation between them and the patrician classes, so the operative has had his aspirations educated until his increased earnings still only leave his higher cravings unappeased. He earns more, and if he only remained with the yearnings and aspirations of the wage-earning class of a century ago, would have sufficient, but can we expect one stratum of society to remain stationary whilst the others are rapidly pressing forward ?

Some time ago, in most of the German States, the ideal standard of social importance was to wear an embroidered coat, gilt buttons, and a long *porte-épée* in the service of the King or Fürst. Many an imposing official, with a salary hardly better than that of an English railway porter, went

home to his fourth floor apartment and dined off black bread, cabbage, and a sausage, and thought this quite satisfactory fare. His wife and daughters would manage the household, and were content to emerge in stuff gowns and cotton gloves. Was it not quite sufficient compensation to be in the recognised set of officialdom, and wear the uniform of his sovereign? And even a step higher, many of the nobles and mediatised princes were quite content with a so-called schloss or palace, very much less imposing than many a merchant's residence in Sefton Park. If the governing classes were thus contented, as a matter of course, the artisan thought he was well within his sphere if he earned just enough to keep body and soul together; but two influences were at work to undermine this ideal.

Firstly, the emigration of large numbers of Germans to America brought back some who had become millionaires, others who had acquired large fortunes. These returned German-Americans began to build luxurious houses, to have the choicest wines, to indulge at table in *menus* of every luxury that was procurable, to have the best seats at the opera, to drive in splendid equipages, to subsidise the best instructors for their sons and daughters, and, if they attained no social standing, they revelled in an exuberant material prosperity. For some time the princely and official classes retired to their schloss or to their fourth-floor garret, and quietly ignored the new rich. They would neither receive them, nor would they take food with them; and they would for some time rather give their daughters in marriage to the poorest "adelige," rather than to the man who acquired his wealth and luxury by buying and selling. The Franco-Prussian War, however, brought on a gradual social evolution. All classes of Germans were levelled up by their contact with the higher material prosperity of France, like their ancestors of old, who, coming beyond the Alps in touch

with Latinism, began to enjoy some of the milk and honey which the Latin provinces have in a larger profusion than the Teutonic countries. The modern German came back to his home longing for some of the flesh-pots of the country which he ceased to fear, but began to admire.

The homes of the German-American millionaire offered the nobles and official classes some of the good things, the taste for which they had begun to appreciate in the French homes and restaurants, and whilst the German-American was proud to have the honour of the visit of the class that spurned him in his poverty, the governing classes began by accepting invitations on the part of the masculine portion of their circle to receptions and dinner parties, where they could enjoy some of the luxury which they had begun to find out was a little more tangible in its pleasures than the somewhat dignified but slightly monotonous delight of the vision of the embroidered coat and the *porte-épée*. Thus the thin end of the wedge was introduced for a gradual social amalgamation between the middle classes and the governing and patrician classes, that had remained isolated for many centuries. At the reunions of these new rich, the buying and selling classes came in contact with those who formerly were as socially separated as any caste in India. What was the result? The patricians began to like money-making for the sake of the luxuries it could purchase; whilst the middle classes began to adopt an air of culture and refinement, and an assumption of a much higher social importance, and thus they placed a wider gulf than ever between themselves and the wage-earning and small trading classes.

The German operative, however, began to dislike the man with the money, much more than he did the man with the blue blood. He could understand the principle that a noble can have no social contact with a plebeian; though the plebeian workman might be an *arbiturient* from a German

Gymnasium, equal to our University graduates; but for a man that buys and sells to avoid him as a social inferior, unless he were to go to America and bring back a million, is what the German educated operative could not brook. So that the tendency among the Teutonic wage-earning classes is rather to bend, if they must, to the poor proud descendant of the feudal times, rather than to the enriched middle-class, now so important a factor of German society. Hence, the young Emperor is now able to influence the men he has gathered around him and the operatives more readily, and the views of the new school are more sympathetic with the wage-earners than were those of the old leaders of the respectable middle-classes, who, though at one time considered the champions of the working-classes, have now outgrown their former popularity in Germany.

The same thing is also apparent in Belgium, where an interesting problem is being solved. Now, Belgium is perhaps the one country, small though it be, that ethnologically most resembles England. The country consists of two races—the Teutonic and the Celtic—sometimes amalgamated and sometimes isolated. Just as it is unlikely that the early Saxon warriors and invaders of Britain brought many or any women at all with them, but probably sought their wives from among the native British, and thus formed a new race, which we are apt to call the Anglo-Saxon race, but which is rather an amalgamation of the Celt and Teuton, the fine old Flemings of Belgium are largely intermingled with the Celtic Walloon, and thus resemble in a great degree the present English-speaking people.

Belgium, again, is the only country in Europe that has never engaged in war since its creation into a separate kingdom in 1830, an unbroken era of peace for about sixty years. During this period the wage-earning classes have had but a small voice in the selection of their legislators.

The latter were divided into two sections, the so-called clericals, and the progressists.

Yet now, after a long series of agitations on the part of the wage-earners for a larger voice in the amelioration of their condition, it is to those whom they hitherto considered their opponents, the clericals, that the majority of the wage-earners look for relief; whilst the large employers of labour of Liege and Verviers, who have hitherto appeared as the champions of the working men, find themselves at the present moment their least trusted representatives. It is quite probable that ere long we shall see a practical problem worked out in the Low Countries now that the principle of admitting the wage-earner to a share of government is conceded; and as the clerical leaders in Belgium have shown a decided leaning to the wage-earner rather than to his employer, we shall perhaps see, for the first time in Europe, the result of union between the patricians, the agricultural interest, and the operative, as against the employers of labour. The minority group will eventually consist of employers of labour, the shop-keeping interest, with perhaps the representatives of finance. There is no railway interest in Belgium, the railways, with a few trifling exceptions, being all owned by the State.

I now make no apology for having attempted the subject of the philosophy of the labour question. When I first thought out this problem it was hardly the question of the hour, and I had misgivings lest the matter should not rise to the level of those themes that ought to inspire a president of your Society for his first inaugural address. Since that period, however, an Emperor has not thought it unworthy of a conclave of earnest thinkers; the head of an ancient Church the weight of an Encyclical; an earnest worker in the humblest spheres the theme of a volume, *In Darkest England*; and lastly, the Imperial Parliament of Great

Britain the task of a Royal Commission. How thoroughly this question is to be probed is best illustrated by an abstract of the sphere the Commission is about to survey :—

1. That for the purpose of taking evidence and collecting information the Royal Commission be divided into three committees.

2. That each of these committees should institute an inquiry into the facts concerning the condition of certain groups of trades, leaving questions of principle to be treated by the Commission as a whole.

3. That for this purpose the following division of trades should be adopted, the division being provisional and non-exhaustive :—Group A, mining, iron, engineering, hardware, shipbuilding, and cognate trades. Group B, transport and agriculture, the term transport including shipping, canals, docks, railways, and tramways. Group C, textile clothing, chemical, building, and miscellaneous trades.

4. That each of the committees report the evidence taken by them, and, if they think fit, furnish a summary of that evidence.

5. That the following syllabus be submitted as a convenient summary of the subjects to be inquired into by the committees :—Trade differences between employers and employed—1, their causes ; 2, their development, organization, and conduct ; 3, their cost ; 4, their prevention or settlement.

(1) THEIR CAUSES.

(a) Wages.—First, how fixed ; second, how calculated—by piece work, by day work, or by task work ; third, how paid—direct by employer or by sub-contractor, weekly, fortnightly, or at other periods, increased by bonus or reduced by stoppages, truck or payment in kind, or house, land, or other allowances ; fourth, fluctuations of wages, how brought about and how adjusted ; fifth, differences of wages in different establishments and localities ; sixth, existence and effect of pension, deferred pay, sick insurance, and accident insurance ; seventh, notice required for the termination of wage contracts.

(b) Hours of Labour and Continuity of Employment.—First, normal hours of work ; second, overtime, and how remunerated ; third, night shifts, and how remunerated ; fourth, short time, season work, or other irregularities of employment ; fifth, Sunday and holiday labour, how arranged and paid for ; sixth, duration of day's work and week's work, and how regulated.

(c) Sub-division, distribution, and classification of work, as between different trades, individuals, men, women, or children (whether half-timers or not), factories, workshops, or home.

(d) Apprenticeships.

(e) Introduction of machinery.

(f) Supply and quality of the machinery, and materials of production or transport.

(g) Safety of employment, provisioning of ships, lighting of ships, lighting, sanitation, and inspection of work places.

(h) Discharge for belonging to a trade union.

(i) Refusal to work with non-unionists.

(j) Discharge of representative delegates, and use of black list.

(k) Employment of foreigners.

(l) Obnoxious officials, sympathetic strikes.

(m) Other causes of dispute.

(2) THEIR DEVELOPMENT, ORGANIZATION AND CONDUCT.

(a) Trade associations or combinations of employers or employed, whether permanent in character or temporary, occasional or for special dispute purposes; their trade rules, benefits, and policy.

(b) Strikes and lockouts, picketing, black-listing, and other methods of influencing persons concerned, or not directly concerned, in the dispute.

(c) Importation of new or foreign labour; whether under contract or otherwise.

(3) THEIR COST.

(a) Economic result of strikes and lockouts to workers, to employers, and to the community at large.

(4) THEIR PREVENTION OR SETTLEMENT.

(a) Conciliation by joint committees or otherwise; (b) mediation; (c) arbitration, voluntary or compulsory; (d) sliding scales; (e) profit sharing; (f) industrial partnerships; (g) co-operation.

It was agreed that three sets of questions should be prepared, one set to be sent to different associations of employers; the second set to unions of employed, and the third to other representative bodies or persons.

On the occasion of my inaugural address last session, I half hinted that, having to some extent reviewed the *theory*

of the labour question, I would endeavour to follow, in a subsequent paper, in the paths of those who find a *practical* way out of the economic labyrinth. I call to mind here the life of the poet and thinker, Heinrich Heine. This transcendent genius, who was born with the century, has too often been associated only with the muses, of which he was a favoured child. It is, perhaps, overlooked that he was the Paris correspondent for one of the leading South German organs for many years, and thought out in his articles many interesting social problems. He foreshadowed, with an almost prophetic instinct, many of the incidents which trouble and derange the even flow of modern society. Perhaps the most remarkable of his political anticipations were—written some twenty years before the event, bear in mind—that some day Paris would be for a period in the hands of those who advocate the commune as the unit of government, and that one of their acts would probably be to tear down the Vendome column as a visible protest against Cæsarism. He writes on another occasion: “Whenever the great upheaval which will alter the face of Europe will happen, it will take place in Germany, the Germans are a serious and sober-minded people, and whenever a social cataclysm is initiated by them, the events of 1792 in France will be child’s play as compared to the thoroughness with which the Teutonic masses will reorganise the bases of society. What the German Luther did for religion (for he did as much to reinvigorate the old organization which he left, perhaps more than the newer systems of which he was the inception), a modern political Luther will do for the social economy of the world.” Heine dived deeply into every constructive and destructive problem that might show him a method of brushing away the dust that seemed to impede the path of human kind towards the goal of contentment and happiness—and he reached his conclusions step by step.

Greece at first lulled him by her sweet song into an Elysium, only to awaken to a feeling of reaction that the life of which Mount Olympus was a type, was a dreamland in which there was no place for the prosaic toilers of his generation.

Then, again, the Rome of the ancient Romans seemed to him the legislative consummation of good for the smallest number. Imperial Rome gave her masses pleasure until they thought it happiness, only to awaken to find that the pleasure had departed, and that the virility of the masses was filched from them, and that the despised barbarian, the man of force and muscle, who was at the foot of the social ladder, perhaps hardly within reach of the ladder at all, quietly taught himself the Roman methods of organization, and step by step became the master of his master.

Heine indicates that history always teaches the lesson that those who *have*, try to bribe those who *have not*, by parting with a portion of their possessions, vainly hoping that they will be allowed to enjoy the remainder undisturbed. Like the gambler who sees his neighbour lose, yet still goes on, hoping to succeed by avoiding what he imagines the mistakes of the other, only to find that, an unforeseen event occurring to him which upsets his best calculation, he gets no further than his rival.

Nor could Rome bribe the strong man by giving him a limited partnership, and step by step increasing the area of association. In the end the strong man always learns his strength, and seems determined to become master, even at the cost of the downfall of the entire fabric.

Heine had no sympathy with the school of Adam Smith and his followers, for he observed: "Political economy teaches how best to secure wealth, as if wealth could secure the happiness of humanity." And he asks, very much as Ruskin does later on: "Admitted that there is more wealth

in the world, are the majority of those who dig, and delve, and toil, more contented with their lot than they were centuries ago? And what is the difference between the feudal baron, who used up flesh and blood to enrich himself, and the modern employer of labour, who gets flesh and blood into his factory, and tries to make as much profit as he can out of their bone and sinew? The feudal baron at least gave his toilers plenty of fresh air."

In the end, broken down and wearied in the attempt to solve the insoluble, Heine admits that he again took up the Old Book, once deemed by him a story book for the infancy of mankind, but, utterly unsuited, he imagined, for society in its adolescent state, and thus he writes :

"I, whom the world has dubbed the poet, the thinker, the philosopher, Heine, who endeavoured to ascend to Mount Olympus, find that I have reached no further stage in my enquiry than the poor negro, Uncle Tom (in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's story). I have ended where Uncle Tom began." The sentiment that seemed to speak patience and hope to the poor wretched slave, spoke similarly to the sweet singer and the social philosopher of his time. The man who sipped at every fount of human information, came to no other conclusion than the black thrall, whose entire sphere of knowledge was the literature of a race of emancipated bondsmen.

During the period which has elapsed since I read before you my inaugural address, I have thought deeply upon the nature of its sequel, and I have to-day to make the same confession to you as did the poet and thinker Heine—I am still no further than poor Uncle Tom.

Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, Karl Marx, Lassalle, Proudhon, and even the aspiring authors of the *Fabian Essays* are all kindling lights of more or less effulgence, yet the rough uncultured emissaries of the author of *In Darkest England* seem to invite more followers

to their feeble ray, and the masses seem to incline in their direction rather than to that indicated by the monarchs of intellect.

It is perhaps humiliating to find that sentiment is still more powerful than scientific induction, but it is not the first time in history that a movement born among the lowliest has mounted step by step until it has drawn thrones into its fold, perhaps in its turn to breathe the enervating air of universal recognition, and then to forget in its giddy eminence that its inception was due to the protest of a neglected minority, until in its turn its base again is threatened by the breakers of renewed discontent.

I was walking some time ago on the Yorkshire moors at Ilkley, and an emissary of the Socialist movement was addressing a concourse of operatives (mostly from Leeds and Bradford) whom he roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm by a recital of their grievances. So far he was with his audience and his audience were with him, but when he advanced a step farther, and attempted to unfold his nostrum for the solution of their acknowledged but unappeased yearnings, they, one by one, left for an adjoining group addressed by an envoy of the author of *In Darkest England*, a man who was hardly within the sphere of elementary education at all, whose ideas were perfectly innocent of logical sequence, but were simply spun-out platitudes of sentiment, and it occurred to me that what I had seen in the East happens also in the West, "the dervish is more powerful than the philosopher."

The dervish in the East, like the envoy of Booth in the West, speaks to the multitude the doctrine of patience and hope, and the masses listen.

And why should some who profess culture sneer at the occupation of the Eastern or Western dervish? Can everybody at one step appreciate the beautiful symphonies of

a Beethoven, or the refined melody of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words. Are not the peasant and the mountaineer oftentimes inspired to deeds of enthusiasm and valour by the tones of the reed and bagpipe ; and in many a slum the foreigner who turns his machine, producing, mechanically, melodies of the simplest character, is, perhaps, a more welcome guest than a quartette party might be who would render to the same audience the numbers of a Chopin or a Grieg.

How often does a woodcut and a roughly coloured print appeal to the untrained and inartistic eye when a Raphael, a Correggio, a Guido Reni, or a Claude Lorraine would make no impression ? Is it wise to sneer at the simple melody or the rude engraving which teaches the alphabet of art as surely as the spelling book must lead to the University ?

I do not venture to think that the men with the coloured shirts and peaked caps, any more than the dervish in the East, have discovered an only road to the sympathies of those who suffer, but if there is a craving among human beings for stimulating elements, it occurs to me that the stimulant which endeavours to produce patience and hope is preferable to that which leads to ruin and despair.

Unfortunately ethical teachers have everywhere weakened their powers for good, because, as a rule, they cannot rise above the level of the smallest shopkeeper, whose predisposition is to cry out "Buy my wares, they are better than those of my neighbour," possibly forgetting that they may all have been produced from the same loom, though the outside label may have been varied.

The dervish exclaims, "I am the only funnel through which all good things must flow," and many other ethical teachers in the West do the same.

In face of their common enemy, who will have none of their traditions, but proclaims them all equally mere specu-

lative sentimentalists, these members of one force, these players in the same orchestra, often quarrel among themselves. Their common opponent is attempting day by day to make the resources of civilisation serve his own propaganda. He tells the working man, You have no land, no accumulations, no worldly property, you have nothing but your physical strength; destroy the magistrate, the policeman, and the teachers of ethics which lead to nothing, and chaos will ensue. This, say they, will only impoverish the capitalist, but will deprive you of nothing tangible, for in the wreck of society you will retain your physical strength, plus the flotsam and jetsam which the wreck of society will throw up, which will suffice at least for one generation, and let the next that follows make what they will out of chaos.

Yet in the face of these doctrines which, happily, here in Great Britain are only low rumblings, but abroad are active forces to be dealt with, the advocates of patience and hope are only just learning the lesson of peace and tolerance among themselves.

Can an effective army consist of heavy artillery only? Can it ignore the aid of infantry, cavalry, or the sharp-shooter? Nay, may not the free-lance even find a place in the defending force?

I ask does harmony consist of a series of players all occupied with the same instrument? Is it the flute alone, the violin alone, the trombone, or the drum alone that can produce perfect harmony? Is it not the union of instruments of every capacity, rather than the uniformity, that produces the grand orchestral effect which we term true harmony?

Spinoza ventured to predict many social and political incidents which give him the right to speak with the weight of one that laboured hard to preserve the best elements of hereditary ethical culture. More than two centuries ago,

he indicated that if the teachers of patience and hope cannot tolerate each other and make peace among themselves, they will be powerless to preserve the fabric which a rising tide of discontented wage-earners will some day attempt utterly to destroy.

Monsieur Fould, the eminent finance minister of France, perhaps did more to preserve a portion of the material wealth of his country from ruin during the troublous days of internal strife than did the bayonets of Monsieur Thiers' soldiers. When, under Napoleon the Third, the government borrowed money, Monsieur Fould gave every facility for operatives and wage-earners to invest their small savings in French *rentes*, in fact, gave them the preference over groups and syndicates of large capitalists, so that the thrifty mothers, sisters, and wives of France were always Monsieur Fould's most trustworthy clients.

When a portion of Paris was in flames, and the leaders of the Commune wanted to destroy the *Grand livre des dettes Publique*, and at one blow efface the vast proprietary of dividend receivers, like the matrons of Rome who cried to Coriolanus to save the city of his birth, so the mothers and sisters of the wild citizen soldiers appealed to the revolutionists to spare their savings, and the tears of the women saved the record of the public debt of France. Owing to the prescience of Monsieur Fould, who allied sentiment with capital, he has rendered French *rentes* perhaps one of the forms of wealth least liable to be effaced.

The German school of Karl Marx and Lassalle seem ever harping upon the one grievance, that capital is and remains always the master, whilst labour always remains the slave. That may be correct so far as the *terms* wealth and force are concerned; but it is incorrect so far as it refers to the individual possessors of wealth and the wielders of force. Can they not learn the lesson that by thrift the

wage-earner becomes a dividend receiver, or in other words, a capitalist. Again, the possessor of capital is not invariably in as good a position as the possessor of force.

Let me give you an illustration. It is within my experience that an investor was imprudent enough to place the whole of his capital in shares of a hotel that promised at first to pay large dividends. The investor calculated that not only would he secure a permanent residence and all his physical requirements provided in the hotel; but, in addition to this, have an increment in the shape of dividends above his proportion of expenses. If anyone had asked this investor to exchange places with the hall-porter, he would have ridiculed the very idea. In the end, the hotel was a financial failure; no dividends were returned, the capital eventually was exhausted, and the shares became worthless. The impoverished capitalist had to quit the hotel, and lost the means of living elsewhere; but the hall-porter, through all vicissitudes of the hotel, has remained at his post. This is a simple example of the fickleness of capital and the stability of labour.

The French school of Proudhon and his followers harp upon one theme, asking: What has the code of legislation and morals that sprang from the soil of Palestine ever done for the wage-earning classes? One of its defenders speaks thus:—

The Bible is at once the labourer's charter and text-book—the exponent of his rights and his duties—his defender and his monitor. There is no sacred book that evinces so lively a concern for the well-being of the labourer conjoined with so deep an appreciation of the nobility of labour. The man is protected throughout as against the capitalist. His tools may not be taken in pledge, and his covering is to be restored to him at sundown. Nor is the sentiment breathed one of mere kindness; it is pure justice. The judge is warned against respecting persons; but in order to prevent an illusion as to the warning being one-sided, he is also cautioned against favouring the humb'

suitor to the detriment of his wealthy opponent. The ideal state, too, of the Pentateuch, is one in which the socialistic idea is predominant. The accumulation of capital is certainly not championed by a code which enjoins a periodical redistribution of the land among its original owners, or which orders all debts to be cancelled once in seven years. The affirmation by the Decalogue of the right of the servant to his seventh-day rest equally with his master is not the least striking indication of the justice which the Law meets out to the toiling classes. This equitable legislation has for its mainspring a recognition of the value of the labourer's vocation. Labour is seen to be the necessary constituent of the welfare of the State as well as the salt of the individual life. The designers of the Sanctuary—the men who wrought with their hands—are “filled with the spirit of God,” no less than the Lawgiver with whom the Highest communes face to face. It is the God-fearing man enjoying the fruits of his toil, whose lot is singled out by the Psalmist as the very type of happiness. But, besides this, every department of industrial life receives its endowment, so to speak, from the Law in politico-religious enactments, and it is the ancient sage who declares, *à la* Carlyle, that the diligent workman may deservedly stand before kings. Nay, who are the great men of the Bible, the rulers and the prophets, but the shepherd and the vine-dresser and the ploughman? Never is the labourer the mean man, the inferior of the rich. Work is not the primeval curse, but the true blessing, and those who do it are the servants of God. One affirmative command alone entered into Adam and Eve's code of duty; it was to till and keep the happy garden.

It was neither Confucius, nor Buddha, Solon, Lycurgus, nor Numa Pompilius that gave the toiler the right to one day in seven for rest and repose.

Moreover, the great question of the eight hours' movement, that is to say, the principle that one-third period should be devoted to work and two-thirds to relaxation and rest, is hinted at in I Kings v, 14. We find that the thirty thousand toilers that Solomon employed in constructing his temple should be a month in Lebanon and two months at home. The eight hours question is surrounded by so many difficulties that the advocates and

opponents have each much to say for themselves. John Burns says :—

I will give you briefly my reasons for being an advocate of an eight hour day by Act of Parliament. First, because it would prevent strikes and quarter our troops upon the enemy. I am in favour of eight hours by Parliamentary enactment, because only one and a half out of seven millions of skilled and unskilled workmen are in our unions. The non-unionists have not got money enough to supply themselves with food or clothing, or keep a roof over their heads sufficient time to starve the masters into yielding. What are we going to do? Are we going to wait until the five and a half millions join our unions? To my mind, if you do, you will have to wait forty or fifty years.

In a paper, *The Eight Hours' Day*, it appears that of thirteen millions of workers in this country, including four millions of women, only one and a half millions are trade unionists. The same work tells us :—

The instance of the Scotch railway strike shows how little it is to be relied upon to do what is required. In this case, a powerful union of railway workers, backed up by large funds, ordered a simultaneous strike on three railways. The moment chosen was so timed as to cause the maximum of inconvenience to the companies. The men's ground of complaint was one which specially appealed to public sympathy. They complained that they were kept at work for usually fourteen hours a day, and sometimes for nineteen or twenty hours. They asked, not for an eight hours' day, but for ten hours. The strike lasted for five weeks. It was supported by large subscriptions from trade societies not directly interested in the quarrel, and from many private persons. At the end of the five weeks the men made complete submission.

Another critic writes :—

If I remember rightly, the income of the nation is £1,200,000,000. £450,000,000, or above one-third of this, is paid in rent and interest to about 30,000 people. There is here a solid and wide margin for retrenchment. The rent and royalties—I quote from memory—of the 2,000 and odd mines in this country amount to over £3,000,000. That

is a sum equal to 70 per cent. of the gross profits made by working the mines, which seems to indicate that there is room for a reduction of miners' hours—*without* a reduction of wages. I find also a statement made by John Burns—and he is a man who knows what he is talking about—to the effect that out of a gross profit of thirty-seven millions made in a year by English railways, a total of nineteen millions was paid in wages. Which seems to imply that for every pound drawn by a railway servant he was obliged to earn two pounds for the shareholders. So that railway men ought not to be working from fourteen to twenty hours a day.

I have it on the authority of a large employer of labour, but I am personally not responsible for this assertion, that where machinery is employed, relays of operatives, working eight hours only, could keep machines going continuously and result in larger profit to the employer than under the present system.

Here another champion of the working man gives his opinion in print:—

The great reason why we should get an eight hours' day is because the workers ought to have more leisure and more pleasure in their lives, which now are all too anxious, too colourless, and sordid. I know there are many who don't see with me on this question. I have often been told that I make too much fuss about the dull and laborious nature of the average workman's life. I have often been twitted with the alleged contentment of the workpeople with their lot, and told that I, and such as I, only stir up dissatisfaction to no purpose. But I say I don't believe the workers are happy and contented with their lot, and even if they are I say they ought not to be, and it is my business to set them grumbling and seeking for better things. This is one of the few subjects upon which I am entitled to speak with the easy confidence of a man who understands what he is speaking about. I know that a workman's life is dull and drab, because I have tried it. I know that it is much healthier and pleasanter to have a due amount of rest and leisure, and an immunity from pecuniary care, because I have tried that too; and, speaking from experience, I declare again that the desire of the workers for something more than work and dinner, and newspaper, and beer, and the need of the workers for the pleasures and

refinements of a higher and brighter life are really the great reasons why a decrease in the hours of work is not only desirable but imperative. It seems to me that man should work to win for himself not only food, and rest, and shelter, but all that makes life sweet and noble also. That man, in short, should work to live, and not live to work; and it is because I see how much of the best that life contains is absent from the existence of the working people of this country that I am so desirous to see the working day reduced in length.

That which brightens the lives of the cultured classes is that they in most instances follow dual occupations—an occupation of duty and an occupation of relaxation. Might not the same opportunities tend to humanise and refine the asperities of the large army of discontented toilers.

Another employer of labour writes to me thus :—"Profit sharing is one of the great solutions of the future. Sidley Taylor has written much on this subject in various magazines. The difficulty, of course, is, how about loss sharing? In the lowest class of labour there can never be much advance, as the man is little better than, and sometimes inferior to, a machine."

Whether Prince Bismarck's enactment providing for the insurance of wage-earners, and making them annuitants at an advanced period of life, is likely to be successful, even in Germany, has yet to be tested. The present generation of British wage-earners have not yet altogether given up their national lines and idiosyncracies, and there is still a popular aversion to anything like a compulsory collection. Those who advocate national insurance in Great Britain retort that all taxation is compulsory, and this would only be one tax the more. We know that the vast majority of wage-earners prefer to live in houses where their rates are paid by their landlord, perhaps to avoid the semblance of tax-payment; and where wage-earners have to pay for gas and water, items of consumption which they enjoy in the immediate

present, they in many instances look upon it as an onerous impost, and it is not always easy to collect.

What would be the advantage of operatives ensuring provision in old age with conditions such as I will just quote from a technical journal? and this is only one of many trades which could make equally dismal confession :—

The *Trades Unionist* begins this week an exposure of unhealthy manufacturing processes with the first of a series of letters on the Alkali Union. It describes the method of obtaining, from salt, sulphate of soda, soda-ash, washing soda, hydrochloric acid, and bleaching powder; but it stops short of revelations of the effect of the manufacture on the men employed. In another part of the paper, however, these are summarised as follows:—"To be literally eaten up by vitriol, to be compelled to work in a poisonous atmosphere where it is necessary to breathe through a dozen cards of flannel, to have to grease such portions of the body as are exposed to poisonous fumes, to have one's teeth turned so soft that a crust cannot be chewed, to have the gums rot, to work under such conditions that one's shirt falls off in bits of rag after three days' wear, to do this week after week until one's strength will no longer admit of it, is surely to do that which should command an exceptionally high rate of pay and relatively very few hours of work." But the pay is low, and the hours are long.

Perhaps a few words on the Sweating System may not be inopportune. It appears to me to be inseparable from the modern method of making fabrics on speculation—that is to say, before the fabrics are wanted for use—and when vast numbers of the same article are purchased by warehousemen. The buyer thinks nothing of how they are produced, it is indispensable for him to obtain quantities, and the result is that the sweater fills the place in industry that the jobber does on the Stock Exchange, he supplies the broker with what he wants, and in the artificial atmosphere of speculation the jobber fulfils his sphere.

See how sweating operates even in the production of

Bibles. I extract this from a Conservative and orthodox journal :—*

It has been customary to view cheap Bibles as among the most certain civilizers of the period, but if we are to believe a correspondent of the *Newsagent*, cheap Bibles are not unqualified blessings. The charge is made that "in the preparation of Bibles for cheap sale there is practised a system of sweating more horrible in its results than any similar evil connected with any branch of publishing." Stripped of comment, the correspondent's statement is this—"The binding of Bibles is so poorly paid for that the workers, mostly women, cannot make living wages at it, and are in numbers of cases practically forced to other methods of increasing their income." If this be true, it is conceivable that such a business may do more harm than the cheap Bibles can remedy.

The question again presents itself whether speculation is not one of the evils of modern society. I know many hold the theory that no person should be allowed to sell what he does not possess, and by that means, perhaps, *corners* might be avoided. Legislation has gone so far as to prevent Bank Stock being sold by anyone for future delivery, unless he can give the numbers of the shares, this has effectually stopped what is known as "bearing" Bank Shares, and has certainly been productive of beneficial results.

The advocates of the free system as at present, say it would cripple and annihilate international trade, and that the analogy of Bank Stock being restricted in sale is not to the point, as the vast proportion of shares is held in Great Britain. Again, they urge that every trade has, more or less, to sell what it does not possess. Take the case of the Government that makes a contract with a navy butcher to supply meat all the year round at a given tariff, and so lends itself to a "bear" transaction, inasmuch as the wholesale butcher sells what he does not possess—animals, in fact, that are still living in foreign countries

* *Liverpool Courier*, April 28, 1891.

are eventually slaughtered and bought in at a price to recoup the speculative contractor for his venture. On the other hand, the government secures itself against a rise or fall in the market, and throws the onus of risk upon the contractor, both sides hoping to gain by the transaction.

Scientists tell us that artificial living produces nervous maladies, from which those who lead a natural life have a perfect immunity. It is but just to infer that those neurotic symptoms may betray themselves from time to time in the social economical system when the artificial takes the place of the natural methods. Who is, however, to prescribe the remedy, and can the patient carry out the prescription? Many a poor cramped wage-earner, gasping for breath in a Northern fog, might have his years prolonged by wintering in the South of France. The prescription is there, but how about carrying it into effect?

I have now, I venture to hope, carefully, if not successfully, diagnosed the phases of the labour problem. The solution lies in the womb of time. One thing I may venture safely to predict, that the wild theories of Karl Marx, Lassalle, Proudhon, and their English disciples, will not accomplish it. The Royal Commission now sitting on the labour question contains many earnest and thoughtful friends of humanity. Will the result of their deliberations tend in the direction of a truce? For to anticipate a perfect state of social peace between elements that possibly run on parallel lines, but never meet, is to aim at the unattainable. Should a time arrive when labour will command a paramount representation in the legislation of the world, it would indicate that the operative had reached a higher state of culture, and could trust with confidence his own fellow-craftsmen. If mankind reaches a common denominator of higher education, which in the end softens and humanises even the

irreconcilable, and when social critics are brought in contact with the practical, rather than the theoretical problems of life, I venture to hope that the result will be social construction and not social destruction.

Class distinctions have existed as long as human families have grouped themselves together for mutual aid and protection. Even in the changeless East, where habits are still the same as they were in the infancy of civilization, among the Bedouin tribes, where every member is supposed to be equal, where money loses its purchasing power, even there the man that best wields the sword in defence of his tribe, and the dervish that repeats the Koran by heart, have the best tents—*equality* for all can hardly be attained, but *justice and right* for all can. I am still one of those who believe in patience and hope; and those whose sphere of action is to spread that doctrine have yet a great and civilizing mission before them, and they will win—if they do not weaken their power for good, by internal dissensions.

If I am asked to choose in the world's conflict between the German and French materialistic school, whose horizon is bounded only by that which we can see, I venture on the words of the great thinker to ascend a step higher, where our intellects may be trained to see "more light."

In a valuable paper read last session by Mr. E. R. Russell, past president of the Society, referring to the lessons of history, he observes:—"It gives us ever in the best form for enlightened thought the problem of how the past is to promote the future; and, if it yield no help to us in solving that problem, the fault is ours." And Professor Hilty, the Helvetian historian, on the occasion of the celebration of the Sixth Centennial of Swiss Independence, reviews history somewhat similarly. He remarks:—"History is an unerring monitor if we read it

aright—few groups of human beings have survived the wreck of empires, and have emerged from every conflict unweakened and unimpaired, and only those few communities have done so, that have relied less on physical force, but rather on the still small voice that whispers cheerily—patience and hope.”

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